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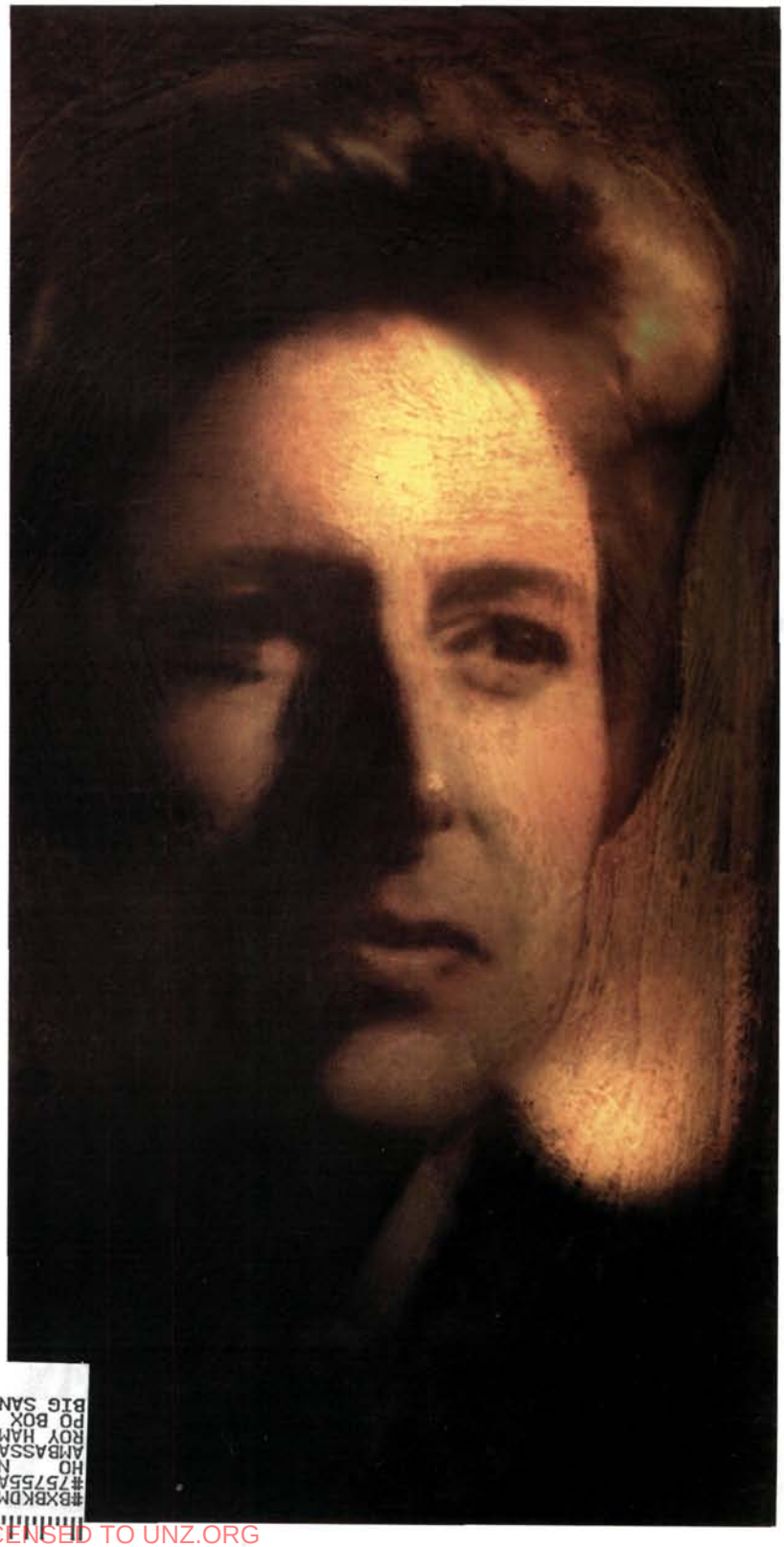
by JOHN B. JUDIS



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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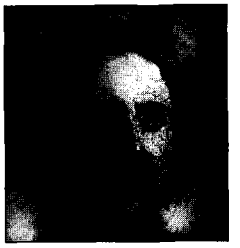

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CORRESPONDENCE

Porn in the U.S.A.

To the editors:

Cass R. Sunstein's review of Nadine Strossen's *Defending Pornography* ("Porn on the Fourth of July," January 9 & 16) proved deeply disappointing. Sunstein notes that "Strossen says hardly a word about history." Fair enough. But where does that perception lead? The historical record on free speech is mixed at best. Sunstein insists only that one cannot "find absolutism in the relevant history" and that "the text has never been understood to include whatever people might want to use words to say." The problem (as Sunstein recognizes) is that Strossen never claimed anything like "absolutism." Finding a historical basis for tolerance may not take much more than recalling that explicit material like *Fanny Hill* seems to have circulated more freely in the 1750s than in the 1950s. In a curious way, Sunstein resorts to the same sort of ipse dixit for which he faults Strossen, and leaves us wondering why he raised the historical dimension in the first place.

In the end, what disappoints most about Sunstein's review is his failure to recognize *Defending Pornography* for the singular book it is. He does grant Strossen "a number of worthy points" of public policy. But the book as a whole makes a contribution that such parsing misses. When the president of the American Civil Liberties Union, sporting impeccable credentials both as a feminist and as a First Amendment scholar, makes so compelling a case for tolerating sexually explicit material, that's news.

ROBERT M. O'NEIL
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the editors:

Cass Sunstein, in his criticism of Nadine Strossen's book, confuses three types of speech: speech that is morally offensive to some, e.g., pornography; speech whose limitation by government is questioned by many First Amendment advocates, e.g., truthful advertising and "unlicensed" advice; and speech that is an integral part of an illegal action and therefore not protected, e.g., fraud and perjury.

These distinctions have been settled in great detail during the long history of First Amendment case law. Strossen is abiding by these distinctions in her book, but Sunstein, for unknown reasons, conflates them. He creates confusion where there was none in an effort to taint Strossen's book.

We disagree with the claim made by Sunstein, Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon that pornography hurts women. Sexism and violence against women have flourished for centuries before the printing press, the camera and mass market pornography. This violence has deep familial economic and political roots. The derailed impulses of child abusers and rapists are caused by childhood traumas. "They are not," wrote leading researcher John Money, "borrowed from movies, books or other people."

RACHEL HICKERSON
JOAN KENNEDY TAYLOR
Feminists for Free Expression
New York, New York

To the editors:

Cass Sunstein's dismissal of the risks of our current obscenity law is on a par with his mystifyingly deferential references to proposals by Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin that legislation be adopted permitting civil law suits by anyone against those who distribute sexual materials that promote the "subordination of women." Much of Strossen's book is devoted to stinging criticism of legislation such as this, which could permit claims against those who sell works ranging from Joyce's *Ulysses* to poems of Yeats and novels of D.H. Lawrence. Sunstein's sense of outrage does not reach this legislation; it is reserved for a book that takes it to task.

One other note: Is it too much to ask a book reviewer referred to critically in a work he is assessing to let the reading public know of his potential personal involvement? Strossen's book is critical of a one-sided legal forum at the University of Chicago Law School on topics such as those discussed in her book. She quotes a journalist who characterized the conference as marking a turning point "in the feminist anti-porn movement, increasing its respectability by dint of its association with scholars," including, by name, Sunstein.

FLOYD ABRAMS
New York, New York

Cass R. Sunstein replies:

In a few words, Robert M. O'Neil says more about history than Strossen does; Rachel Hickerson and Joan Kennedy Taylor make distinctions that Strossen doesn't offer or defend; Floyd Abrams complains about (what he sees as) the reach of some anti-pornography proposals. In fact the Hickerson-Taylor distinctions are completely their own, are hardly "settled in great detail" and would be very hard to defend in principle.

Wage war

To the editors:

I am not sure I understand Mickey Kaus's labeling of welfare and affirmative action as "non-economic concerns" of "angry white males" ("Waging Bull," January 9 & 16). It seems welfare opponents object primarily to shelling out a portion of their (declining) real wages to finance what they perceive to be irresponsible handouts. And why would any white man object to affirmative action policies if they did not pose a significant threat, real or imagined, to his pocketbook?

Equally perplexing is Kaus's "lesson from the counterculture: that money, ultimately, is not what is most important about America." If capitalism faces collapse because it can't provide a rising standard of living, is it not imperative to fund that increase? Obviously, with our standard of living now measured in terms of per capita income, money is what is most important to America. Maybe what this country needs is a redefinition of "standard of living" based on values more sophisticated than "how much money am I gonna make (and take home) if the Republicans are in charge?"

MICHAEL ANDERSON
Salt Lake City, Utah

To the editors:

The most interesting aspect of Mickey Kaus's TRB "Waging Bull" is what he does not say. He does not even quote Labor Secretary Robert Reich saying that we should examine "corporate welfare" in our search for cuts in government spending. Why does Kaus avoid the subject of corporate welfare, deflected so easily by charges of "class warfare"? Everyone who ignores the need to cut benefits to corporations and to bring their tax share back into line—in the 1950s the corporate tax burden was much more equitable vis-à-vis the individual's tax share—appeases the powers that be. What is needed is a national assertion that personal and corporate responsibility are expected.

NANCY HILLIARD GRANDE
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Puppet shows

To the editors:

In "Theme Party" (January 9 & 16), Hanna Rosin says "the true verdict" on New York City's theme schools will come "when students have to submit to statewide and college entrance exams." Later she says that the ultimate test is "whether ten years from now, teachers can maintain the high that comes from launching a new project...." College

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entrance exams are not an end; they are the price of attending the party. As vital as the teachers are, their well-being is not an end, either. The test for theme schools will be whether they prepare students for the real world. The trouble with working so hard to make schools "fun" is that the students eventually move on to higher education or into jobs where "fun" is not the primary goal: learning or making a profit is. We do children a disservice by conditioning them to expect their education, career and life to be an endless round of field trips and puppet shows.

ROBERT HEINMILLER
Weston, Massachusetts

To the editors:

As an educator of higher education, I find it disappointing to see that many incoming college students are not well prepared to take on the most elementary college work. Whose fault is it? Parents, schools, government, community or society? Will "making school fun" salvage our educational system? According to Hanna Rosin, theme schools are a step in the right direction. Although I am not opposed to the concept of theme schools, we must be aware that these will benefit only a small number of the student population. Our goal in education is educating the entire future generation.

Schools should be given more independence. Curriculums must be reorganized and the standard in all fields should be raised, especially in science. Facilities must be upgraded to provide the best services to students. Parents and teachers must get involved with students' lives, and we need more young teachers to inspire students with a futuristic vision.

Only a handful of people have access to money and power necessary to change the future of our educational system. We educators will do what we can, but the future looks grim.

DENNIS ANDERSON
New York, New York

Sycophantism

To the editors:

Jackson Lears's review of Neal Gabler's *Winchell* ("Gutter Populist," January 9 & 16) is seriously flawed. Both of Winchell's children did not commit suicide, as Lears claims. Read the long passage about Walda, who survived her father by fifteen years and died of horribly natural causes.

Painting Winchell into the "pseudopopulist" corner, and cramming Gabler into it as well doesn't wash. Gabler's antipathy for Winchell is rampant. He pulls no punches in revealing Winchell's crass opportunism, sycophantism and disdain for almost everyone he encounters—and theirs for him. The biography is, in fact, the obverse of Lears's assault on Gabler.

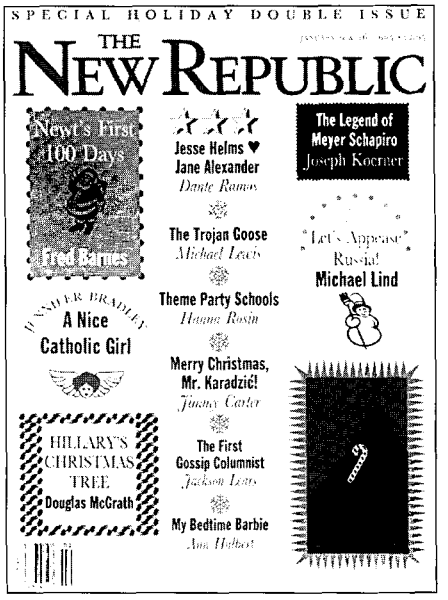
Lears could not let Gabler's detached assessment of Winchell's life interfere with his own awkward theories of popular communication, so he had to debunk Gabler, then demonize Winchell.

MICHAEL KAHAN
New York, New York

Romanesque

To the editors:

In arguing for the primacy of Meyer Schapiro as an appreciator of Romanesque art, Joseph Leo Koerner overlooks John Ruskin ("The Seer," January 9 & 16). To say, as Koerner does, that



Schapiro's dissertation was "the first scholarly treatment of a Romanesque sculptural group as a work of art" seems amazing in light of Ruskin's passionate advocacy of Romanesque sculpture.

This neglect of Ruskin seems all the more strange given that those qualities of Schapiro that Koerner praises, Ruskin exemplifies even more. He was a scholar who was also an excellent draftsman. His writings on art history were informed and energized by interaction with many of the leading artists of his own time, and he contributed to their articulation of their own aims. Through his writings and his lectures he was the indispensable guide to art history for many people of his time. And if it is "flashes of lightning" that one wants, remarks that "suddenly illuminate the whole of an object," then certainly Ruskin is one's man: his pages are fraught with such flashes in profusion.

WILLIAM GUY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Wire services

To the editors:

As a regular subscriber to both TNR and *Wired*, I was taken aback by Gary Chapman's attack on the latter magazine ("Barbed Wired," January 9 & 16). I don't know what's worse: that Chapman generalizes about *Wired* and its readership, or that he only reads enough of *Wired* to support those generalizations. Chapman seems to think that *Wired*'s "Digital Generation" audience is identical with Generation X; and he uses the occasion to make some of the usual snide remarks about the alleged undereducation of contemporary collegians. Perhaps he is obliquely revealing a common fear that his own information-age survival skills are insufficient compared with the skills of us natives of this jungle; I don't know. But it seems to me that an equal proportion of the readers and contributors to *Wired* are of Chapman's generation, not mine.

DANIEL CASE
Clarence, New York

To the editors:

The word for Gary Chapman isn't "tired" or "wired"; rather it is "fired." I have both THE NEW REPUBLIC and *Wired* at hand. With *Wired* I just gained access to "underground.net" and more fun than the law allows. With TNR I have the weary mutterings of someone who just doesn't get it. Sorry TNR, I love you and I shall continue to read and heed your words, but Chapman is in grave error.

STEVE GUNTER
Bentonville, Arkansas

To the editors:

In his critique of *Wired*, Gary Chapman lays the blame for the credulity of modemheads in part on "humanities academics," who are too preoccupied with "fatuous and opaque theoretical debates" to teach critical thinking. Yeah, boy. Good thing, too. If they'd done their jobs, their students might have caught Chapman with his qualifiers down and potted him for overgeneralizing and scapegoating.

KRIS LACKEY
New Orleans, Louisiana

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FROM WASHINGTON

Life rift

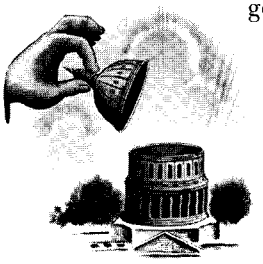
Weeks into the 104th Congress, the Clinton administration has done little to undermine the radical welfare reform proposals in the Republican Contract with America. Guess what? The strategy is working. The Republican initiative seems to be foundering on its own contradictions. Two weeks ago, the Republican governors were trying, with some success, to gut the contract's welfare plan in the name of federalism and frugality. Now the Gingrich blueprint is under attack from another conservative faction: the anti-abortion movement. Who needs enemies on the left?

If I were "pro-life," I'd be worried about the contract, too. Its first section ("Reducing Illegitimacy") declares it "the sense of the Congress that ... the reduction of out-of-wedlock births is an important government interest." But there are many ways to reduce out-of-wedlock births. One is to discourage unmarried women from becoming pregnant. Another is to encourage unmarried women to have abortions.

Two provisions of the contract, in particular, would seem likely to have the latter effect. First, the contract cuts off welfare benefits to the children of unwed mothers under age 18—the so-called anti-illegitimacy provision. Second, the contract denies benefits for additional children born to mothers who are already on welfare—the "child exclusion" provision. Both cutoffs are supposed to change behavior. But how? With no prospect of getting welfare, will young unmarried women stop having sex? Will they take contraceptive measures? Or will they keep having sex, get pregnant and—faced with a bleak, welfareless future—decide to get an abortion?

Intuition certainly suggests that the various monetary incentives and disincentives of the welfare system are more likely to be weighed thoughtfully following sex than before (or during) it. Nobody really knows, of course, because the welfare system has never been changed as drastically as the contract would change it. New Jersey does have a "child exclusion" policy, and it reports a 13 percent drop in births to affected welfare mothers. But the state says it doesn't know whether part of that drop reflects a rise in abortions. That makes pro-life activists suspicious.

Two other bits of evidence make them even more suspicious. Surveys show that economics plays a big role in the decision to abort. And abortions did seem to drop (more than 20 percent) when the government stopped funding them in the 1980s. If economic incentives work in an anti-abortion direction, they presumably work in the other direction. The contract, in essence, withdraws government funding *not* to have an abortion—funding of up to several thousand dollars in welfare per year. How can that not have an effect?



This is enough for pro-life groups such as the National Right to Life Committee and the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, which have begun to campaign openly against the contract provisions. Anti-abortion Republicans such as Representatives Chris Smith and Henry Hyde are also opposed. Representative Jim Bunn of Oregon, a GOP freshman, refused to sign the contract in the first place because of its abortion-inducing potential.

Yet not all the pro-lifers have gone anti-contract. Gary Bauer, head of the anti-abortion Family Research Council, defends the contract cutoffs. Representative Jim Talent, author of a major conservative welfare bill, also claims to be a pro-life contract-backer. Are they hypocrites? Loyalty to Speaker Gingrich is one thing. Promoting what you claim to regard as murder is another.

Bauer and Talent do have one argument. They expect the contract to effect a cultural transformation so profound that it alters sexual practices, not simply post-pregnancy decisions. "I'm interested in re-creating that culture where women tell men to get lost," says Bauer. Indeed, if welfare reform were to succeed in giving "underclass" Americans the same sex habits as middle-class Americans, the total number of abortions would decline. (Middle-class Americans may be more likely to abort career-disrupting unplanned pregnancies. But they are far less likely to have unplanned pregnancies in the first place—so much so that women with incomes under $11,000 are more than three times as likely to have abortions as women with incomes over $25,000.)

Such a cultural transformation is "plausible," says Douglas Besharov, the American Enterprise Institute's expert on sex (or, rather, "Sexuality and American Social Policy"). There was a time not so long ago, Besharov notes, when women really did tell men to get lost. But restoring that world is an iffy, long-term proposition—the new equilibrium could easily be a society in which people have lots of sex and lots of abortions. And, for the immediate future, one distressed pro-life intellectual told me, "I know virtually no one who doesn't think ... you would get something of a spike in abortions." One of Bauer's staffers described to me how the contract could "increase abortions in the short run," calling it "a most unfortunate tradeoff."

Keep in mind that to achieve the main goals of welfare reform—ensuring that children are born into intact, working families—it's not at all necessary to go beyond reducing out-of-wedlock births and begin reducing *pregnancies*. Abortions will do the job as effectively as abstinence. Nor are there obvious compromise solutions, reforms (e.g., paying single mothers in kind rather than in cash) that are "tough" enough to discourage out-of-wedlock births but not so tough as to encourage abortions. If a reform is too weak for the second purpose it is likely to be too weak for the first. *Any* welfare reforms serious enough to make potential single mothers think twice about getting welfare—"workfare" requirements, for example—will encourage some women who might now have a child and go on the dole to have an abortion instead.

The opposition of many pro-lifers, coupled with the antipathy of the governors (and of Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole), probably dooms the draconian "anti-illegitimacy" and "child exclusion" provisions of the contract. But maybe not. In late 1993 Smith tried to get the House Republicans to drop the "child exclusion," arguing that it would increase abortions. Smith was voted down, not, remembers one observer, because anybody doubted abortions would rise. Rather, the Republicans felt tackling the underclass problem was more important.

There is a nasty way to look at such a decision: conservatives who claim to be "pro-life" discarding their heavily advertised moral convictions. But there is a less nasty way to look at it, too. For "pro-choice" Democrats (myself included), concern for the unborn has always been overwhelmed by the claims of the living—those living in ghetto poverty, or in a society distorted by the consequences of ghetto poverty. Maybe even "pro-life" Republicans now secretly agree.

MICKEY KAUS

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FEBRUARY 13, 1995

MARTYRS AND THE MOB

I cried a little at first, but later I stopped. When I saw the flesh and blood of the Jews, I was happy. It was the best martyrdom possible.... This made us walk tall.
—Abdel Rahim Sukar, brother of suicide bomber Anwar Sukar, *The New York Times*, January 25

Among the Palestinians, January 1 is called "the day of the eruption." This year was the thirtieth such annual observance of the beginning of what the PLO is still pleased to call its "armed struggle." And so, on that occasion, at a jamboree of nearly 30,000 in Gaza, Yasir Arafat exhorted the assembled: "We are all seekers of martyrdom.... I say to the martyrs who died, to the martyrs who are still alive, we hold to the oath, we hold to the commitment to continue the revolution...." This speech was broadcast on Palestinian T.V., routinely accessible to Israeli viewers. But, of course, we Americans did not see it, not on "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour," not on Peter Jennings and not on CNN, and we did not hear it (or even hear of it) on "All Things Considered," either. Nonetheless, the speech was given, and its words do have meaning. Arafat's meaning is clear. Those who now wage war for Palestine through politics are at one with those who wage that war through martyrdom.

The martyrs struck again early last Sunday outside Natanya, a town on the Mediterranean and, thus, well within Israel's pre-1967 borders. Two men, with bombs strapped to their bodies, detonated themselves in the snack bar of a bus terminal. The explosions were timed eight minutes apart. The first was intended to kill one wave of victims; the second to kill those who rushed to the rescue. This is a tactic taken from the devil himself. As of this writing nineteen Israelis are dead, sixty-one wounded, some in critical condition. The terrorists' decision to wreak their mayhem behind the frontiers of old Israel is shrewd. Had they targeted Jews across the green line, that is, in the occupied territories, many mainstream Israelis would have blamed the settlers themselves for the troubles. Something like this: *they shouldn't be there in the first place; they should leave, give peace a chance.* But the terrorists do not want to give peace a chance. In fact, they don't want peace at all. In taking their war to the streets of Tel Aviv and the outskirts of Natanya they ensure that those same conciliatory mainstream Israelis will now turn against the very peace process that for years has been the name of their desire. Even Ezer Weizman, the president of the state, who has argued for fundamental compromises with the Palestinians, has now called for a suspension of the peace talks with the PLO since that organization seems either unable or unwilling to rein in terror.

Apparently, one of the Natanya "martyrs" was recently released, one among hundreds, from an Israeli prison, having been on the PLO demand list in the negotiations with Israel. Yitzhak Rabin has been criticized for letting these certified gangsters go. With good reason. Anwar Sukar is not the first, but the twentieth, releasee to lapse into his old habits with a vengeance. Still, murder-suicide is a particularly ghoulish expression of this recidivism. There are, however, others ready to follow him into precisely such a death ... and, presumably, paradise immediately thereafter. Several dozens of them, wearing white sheets to cover their faces and ready to die, were recently trotted out at yet another televised "kill the Jews" pep rally in Gaza, unimpeded either by Arafat's men or by Israel. Such gatherings advertise workshops in the making of car bombs and in other specialties of the terrorist trade. Had kindred Muslim extremists, anti-regime rather than merely anti-Jewish, so shown their hand in, say,

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Egypt or Algeria, they would have been quickly dispatched by the country's counterterrorist commandos to the great unmoved mover in the sky. Indeed, in those countries they are already being regularly so dispatched to eternity.

Israelis overwhelmingly cheered the September 13, 1993, handshake because they thought their unprecedented concessions would finally bring them some peace. The stark facts are that terror against Israel and Israelis has increased and that its perpetrators are not even perfunctorily pursued by the autonomy regime. This is dismaying, to say the least, and support among the Israeli populace for the agreement and for the government that signed it has been steadily ebbing away. With this last enormity on the sea coast, Labor would undoubtedly lose to the rightist Likud in parliamentary elections, and Rabin would also lose to the Likud's leader, Benjamin Netanyahu, in the country's first-ever direct balloting for prime minister.

What keeps those who are yet resolute about the peace process resolute even now is the conviction that there are two sorts of Palestinians. There are Arab moderates and there are Islamic fanatics. In this mechanical categorization the Islamic fanatics are against peace and the Arab moderates for it. But these Israelis also harbor another comforting thought, without which they'd have no peace of mind at all. Like the Jewish national chauvinist fundamentalists, Israelis tell themselves, the pious Muslim extremists are marginal, on the fringe. Well, yes, Dr. Goldstein was really on the fringe, a crazed man with a few crazed after-the-fact comrades who think him a hero. But no one has followed in his footsteps. And the atrocity in the Cave of Abraham remains sui generis.

No one can say this about the continuous deeds of Hamas and Islamic Jihad and the Kassem Brigades. Separately and together, they constitute a mass movement. Here, there and everywhere they win elections, in professional bodies and among students. And they have won the crude elections in the streets, those that determine who commands the mob. This is, in its way, an expression of democracy, more democratic certainly than the murderous ruses that have enthroned Arafat for three decades. While an Israeli government official was still speculating whether one of the suicide bombers came from Gaza, Israeli television was already showing a "condolence tent" outside his Gaza home, to which thousands were trooping to pay their respects and show their solidarity.

These are not marginal men who go out to kill Jews. They are representative men. They have the esteem of their brothers and neighbors. They do their horrible work to the acclaim of the mob that cheers them and to the loaded and meaningful silence of those who derive quiet satisfaction from such deeds but are too embarrassed and too careful to say so in public. There is a code in this world. The few grudging and crimped criticisms of such deeds issued by Arafat's lieutenants—and this time again it was Nabil Shaath, everyone's favorite reasonable Palestinian—are written off as the sorts of things one is forced to say before the Yahud and before the stranger.

There is no denying the palpable reality of Muslim extremism and its extremist brand of Palestinian politics. It is native and authentic, and it has virtually nothing to do—either doctrinally or financially, ethnically or linguistically—with the Islamic fanatics who rule in Iran. Its base is the base built up during the intifada and, despite sometimes violent clashes with various PLO factions, it is on a continuum along which lies the PLO itself. There are no abrupt breaks demographically between the two groupings. They coexist in cities and villages, in clans and families and in the guts of individuals. Arafat's police include those who are said to be its enemies. Among enemies momentarily outside his camp are thousands who learned their politics and their violence in his militias. The Palestinian movement is chaotic. But it is, at least in one critical respect, very stable. Save for those who hanker for the return of the Hashemites, there is no evidence that many Palestinians—even of a more or less secular bent—want a reasonable peace with Israel.

This is the reality that Israel will not look in the face. By drawing sharp lines between the two clear and antagonistic Palestinian camps of its imagination, the government is able to exonerate the one it has chosen as its partner. But if this exoneration is undeserved the peace process itself is a road that leads nowhere. Some dovish Israelis, including a few in the government, have taken the increased violence of the Palestinians (and the increased support among the Palestinians for violence) as a reproach to themselves. They have not been forthcoming enough, they taunt each other. They should accelerate the devolution of functions to the Palestinians, they should expand the turf of the autonomy, they should remove Jews from the territories, they should mute their own millennial passion for Jerusalem, they should lobby Washington for the Palestinians, they should solicit London and Paris and Bonn, they should get the Palestinians more money, allow them more arms, grant them more of the essentials of statehood. And what if these steps and others don't sate—and they won't sate—the Palestinians, what then?

There is a lesson to be learned for Israel by a comparison of the Palestinians with the Irish. In Northern Ireland the killings have stopped. They stopped not because anything close to an agreement has been signed but because both sides decided that murder was not a way to live. For the moment, at least, they have resolved to talk instead. Neither the Protestant Ultras nor the Catholic Provos know what satisfaction, if any, awaits them at the end of the barely begun negotiating process. In this they are different from the Palestinians, who know that at the end of their road there will be something called Palestine. This evidently does not suffice. And it is this that makes one suspect that, idle as their hope may be, the only road they are willing to travel peacefully is one at the end of which will be Palestine alone. But that, alas, is the road of more bloodshed. •

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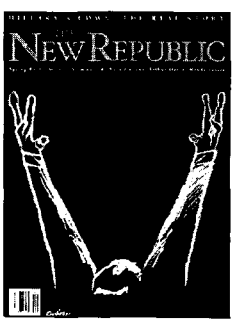
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: Newt Gingrich said that "males are biologically driven to go out and hunt giraffes." Jilted lover Edward Hand was arrested after trying to kill himself by firing a bullet into his chin; the bullet ricocheted off his teeth into the head of his romantic rival, killing him. A California judge ruled James Pflugradt's landlord can keep Pflugradt's $825 security deposit because he died without giving thirty days' notice. Teacher's aide Amanda Howard was convicted of assault after she told a class of fifth-graders that she would not interfere if they beat a student who was disturbing the class. Jerry Williams became eligible for a twenty-five-years-to-life sentence under California's "three strikes" law after he stole a slice of pizza from a group of children. North Korea invited Roger Clinton to perform at a Pyongyang cultural festival. Bill Clinton's horoscope said, "Individual fond of music makes surprise appearance," and "relative needs your attention, perhaps a loan."

MASTERPIECE THEATER: "The issue that brings us here today isn't the merits or demerits of public broadcasting. The issue is that over the last twenty-five years we have accumulated a $5 trillion debt." So preached House Appropriations Committee Chairman Robert Livingston, one of the Republicans aching to banish Julia Child and Big Bird from the public rolls, at a hearing last week on the fate of PBS. Well, he may have a point about PBS. But it's a little rich watching Newtoids like Livingston get in high dudgeon over the scary national debt. In his sixteen years in the House, Livingston has used his seat on the Appropriations Committee to fork over billions as one of the most ardent Star Wars fantasists, while sending millions in pork snacks back home for the defense and oil-drilling industries (not to mention $1 million to rehab a New Orleans sports stadium).

THE GIANT CONSPIRACY: Quick quiz. What do the following people have in common: Henry Leon Ritzenthaler, Bill Clinton's half-brother; the staff of Johnny Carson's "The Tonight Show"; the staff of the Oak Park racetrack in Hot Springs; Strobe Talbott; author-journalist Gail Sheehy; Gennifer Flowers; syndicated gossip columnist Cindy Adams; Bobbie Ann Williams, who claims she bore "Bill Clinton's mulatto child"; reporter David Brock; the Reverend Jesse Jackson; country singer Tammy Wynette; and L.J. Davis, contributing editor to *Harper's*? (*a*) All are guests on Ted Koppel's upcoming "Little Rock Town Meeting"; (*b*) All stabbed or shot Vince Foster at least once; (*c*) All were subjects of an Adam Gopnik piece in *The New Yorker*; and (*d*) All are in the acknowledgments of the new book *Clinton Confidential* by George Carpozi Jr., longtime tabloid journalist.

ROBERT OSBORN: The illustrator Robert Osborn died a few weeks ago at the age of 90. Old-time TNR readers may remember the incisive covers he regularly drew for us during the 1960s and '70s. He also wrote and illustrated satiric books, one mournfully titled, *Mankind May Not Make It.* Like many of TNR's contributors at the time, Bob was a Nixon junkie, and his caustic caricatures of the president, elongated arms stretched high above his head in sinister victory, soon became iconic. We used one of them for a cover last year on the occasion of Nixon's death—as fresh today as it was when first published in 1968. A handsome, courtly gentleman, impeccable in his double-breasted suits, Osborn was one of the last unreconstructed liberals. We'll miss him. •



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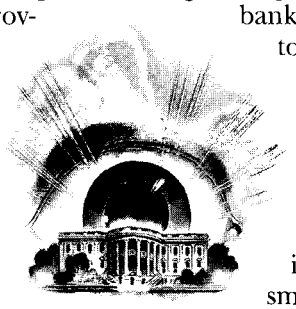
WHITE HOUSE WATCH

"YES, BUT . . ."

By Fred Barnes

The idea behind summoning two dozen academics to a January 14 teach-in at Camp David was to prod President Clinton's thinking about reducing the size and influence of the federal government. Clinton was receptive. He'd finally concluded that the role of government was the mega-issue coming out of the November election. And the scholars, accompanied by two leaders of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council, had plenty to say about trimming government and reviving civil society. Clinton's response, though, was a little off-key. He talked up "the ambivalence" of Americans, who want to cut government in general but like specific programs. He worried aloud about "the disconnect" between government, particularly his administration, and average citizens, who ignore the supposedly good things government does for them. This concern prompted him to comment in a Washington speech a week later: "We have to do a better job of reconnecting our citizens to our enterprise."



Good luck. That task is difficult for any political leader these days, but all the more so for Clinton. He's suddenly a full-blown centrist again, proclaiming himself in his State of the Union address on January 24 a sworn enemy of "the old way" in which power and programs were "centralized in Washington." But, aside from the rhetoric, not much else has changed—same president, same White House staff, same Cabinet, save substituting Robert Rubin for Lloyd Bentsen as Treasury secretary. If Clinton is truly committed to a centrist tack now, there's an obvious step: replace liberals on his staff with centrist Democrats. Plenty of centrists are available, notably former House members such as Buddy Darden of Georgia or Martin Lancaster of North Carolina, who lost in the November election. One Clinton adviser says this is a test of Clinton's intentions. "I won't take the president seriously [about governing as a centrist] until ten heads roll at the White House," he says.

There's another test: whether the president engages Republicans in a sustained debate on rationalizing (and trimming) government. What should Washington do? What should it jettison? What should it pass off to state and local governments? Clinton, urged not only by the academics but by his few centrist aides, has been moving in that direction. But he's not there yet. He's sometimes disingenuous on the subject of government. He insisted, in a speech to the DLC on December 7, that his national service corps "is not a government program. It's a corporation with Republicans and Democrats on the board." True, but its funding comes entirely from the federal government. For 1995, that amounts to $500 million.

Clinton also talks as if the job of straightening out government has already been done. In Galesburg, Illinois, on January 10, he declared, "We've changed the way the government works." The Galesburg speech, by the way, turned out to be a preview of the State of the Union. In it, he revived the "new covenant" theme ("my version of the Contract with America"). Dormant since the 1992 campaign, the slogan dominated the State of the Union two weeks later. In another preview, the president told the Democratic National Committee on January 21 that he's pared spending and reduced the federal bureaucracy, while making it more efficient. The Federal Emergency Management Administration now can "get things done." Under Republicans, FEMA looked "the other way" when there was an emergency (a wild exaggeration). The Small Business Administration, he went on, has a one-page loan application that gets an answer in three days, not the longer form that took months to get a response. The college loan program, shifted by the president from private banks to the Department of Education, "cuts costs to the taxpayers and cuts costs to the students." In the State of the Union, the president said the loan program shouldn't be capped, as Republicans have proposed. Rather, "we should give every college in America the opportunity to be a part of it."

For all the president's stress on making government "smaller, less costly and smarter," he's far more passionate about what Washington should be doing than what it shouldn't. He asked, in the DNC speech, if government should be "less bureaucratic and more entrepreneurial and more creative? You bet." Then came the "but"—and the intensity. "But does it still need to be on the side of average Americans, to help empower them, to give them the tools, to give them the means, so that they can survive and do well, and have the American dream in their lives, and rid themselves of this gripping insecurity that still dominates the lives of so many million American families? I say yes." If that's the standard for federal intervention, however, then virtually every program is justified.

What's in it for Clinton if he engages Republicans in serious give-and-take on the role of government? A lot. For one thing, he may get them to take him seriously, which they don't now. Representative Bill Paxon of New York, chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, says of Clinton: "He'll be an asterisk for the next two years. He's not a player." He needs to be. And who knows? Maybe he'd win the argument about government. Perhaps he's correct in suspecting the public's "ambivalence" about government means folks don't really want many programs axed. If that's the case, the way to save programs—and to get political credit for it—is to negotiate with Republicans, sacri-

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ficing some functions to preserve others. In fact, Clinton hinted at this in the State of the Union by disclosing that he will soon propose to eliminate the Interstate Commerce Commission and the helium reserve program. He'll have to go further, but at least that's a start.

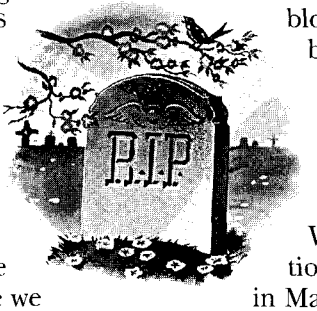
The smartest thing Clinton said in his State of the Union was about health care reform, not his strong suit after last year's ClintonCare debacle. He lowered his sights, admitting "we bit off more than we could chew" in 1994. He didn't mention that Hillary Rodham Clinton is no longer in charge of the health care issue (Treasury Secretary Rubin is health czar now). That would surely have triggered an enthusiastic Republican eruption. But he did lay out terms for a scaled-back bill in 1995 or 1996, including portability, insurance purchasing pools for small business, aid on long-term care and guaranteed health care for children. Clinton won't get all this. But, by calling on Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole to work out a compromise with him, he may get something, even a few items that he wants and Republicans don't. That beats last year, when Dole waited and waited for an invitation that never came. And Clinton wound up empty-handed and desolate. •

AFTER YOU'VE GONE

RAGE, RAGE

By John Weir

My friend David Feinberg, the novelist and essayist who died of AIDS last November, has been memorialized as a kind of alternative North American martyr. He was not just homosexual, he was self-consciously "queer." His novel *Eighty-Sixed* was not just a brilliant monologue about male horniness, Jewish guilt and AIDS anxiety, it was "transgressive." He was not merely a regular ACT UP member who was routinely arrested at demonstrations, he was "countercultural." He did not die, he was "killed by government neglect."



In short, David has emerged postmortem as the kind of outsider who is sentimentalized by the left and demonized by the right. He is noted for being difficult because we expect difficulty from antagonists and sufferers. Mourners celebrate his jokiness, his irritability, his honesty about how much of his life he spent wanting, having or not getting sex. If David was popular among heterosexual readers, I suspect it was in part because his writing satisfied certain preconceptions about homosexual men. Of course, gay men like to believe clichés about themselves, too.

David's writing is not clichéd. Rather, it is profoundly superficial. It works not because it goes deeply into any subject, but because it skirts so quickly and so hectically over the surface of things, accumulating so many details, fact upon fact, that it gives the effect of deep feeling. It has virtual depth. There is no comfort in his writing, only anxiety, humor, sentimentality, rage and despair, as well as a lot of silliness. His genius was in being silly; he could make it feel like a meaningful connection. He was also an artful complainer. His last book, *Queer and Loathing: Rants and Raves of a Raging AIDS Clone,* which was published the week he died, is the least wise-cracking, and the hardest to read of all his work because it is the most unmitigated by irony. He used irony to distance himself from pain, but irony failed him in the end, and all that was left was his devastating fear and rage.

He was my closest friend for the past five years. As death approached, I was asked, "How do you feel about David's dying?" and I would answer, "If AIDS doesn't kill him, I will." People would laugh as if I were making a kind of Feinbergian joke, as an homage to him. What I didn't say is that shortly before he died, I stopped liking him. I stopped liking him not just then, but always. It was retroactive. He was so mean to me and to all of his devoted friends, so relentlessly and mindlessly and destructively angry, that I forgot, for a time, what I ever liked about him.

Yet he is being honored for his anger. Anger is the orthodoxy of the self-proclaimed AIDS activist community. It is the authority invested in the individual as well as the group. "Where is your anger?" people still ask, over and over, at ACT UP meetings, as if checking other people for I.D. Rage bestows authenticity. Anger is seen as wholly reliable because it is so intensely felt. The fundamental sentimentality of ACT UP is the belief that emotions always tell the truth. The group's miscalculation is that feelings alone, directly and powerfully expressed, can change things.

I am speaking now as someone who has laid across pavement in sub-zero temperature in February, my arm hooked to David's arm through steel tubing, blocking the entrance to Hoffman-LaRoche, a big pharmaceutical company in New Jersey. For three hours we chanted, "Arrest the real criminal," while the four local police officers who bothered to show up watched us with bemused contempt. In Albany, in New Hampshire during primary season, in Washington, D.C., inside Grand Central Station, marching through the financial district in Manhattan, I held David's hand, or clenched my fists with his and raised them high to shout, "We'll never be silent again." When I ran across the set of the "CBS Evening News" during the height of the Gulf war, chanting, "Fight AIDS, not Arabs," I was doing it for David.

Like David, I thought that if I got angry enough, he

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would not have to die. I was wrong, and so was he. ACT UP was wrong. Anger is a useful strategy—so is foolishness—if it remains a strategy, and does not become a faith. David was angry for a living. Not only did it not keep him alive, it kept him from whatever comfort he might fleetingly have felt when he was dying. I learned a lot about anger, watching David die. The New Age premise that "finding your anger" is the key to health and strength turns out to be wishful thinking. Anger generates nothing but anger. It doesn't express truth, it glorifies ego.

The limitations of anger as a public cry to action were clear to me when I went with David last October to help him deliver what he called his "scathing diatribe" to ACT UP. He weighed 106 pounds that night, down from 150. He was three weeks from death. His body, which he was always careful to maintain in perfect shape, as if he might be called upon to use it as a weapon, had disintegrated. His skeleton showed everywhere. He clutched his trousers in an angry fist to keep them from sliding halfway down his thighs. Like King Lear back from the heath, he looked and sounded furious, raving and crazy. There was, however, no catharsis in his rage. It was wasted on him, and it was wasted on the room.

There ought to be a sign hanging over New York's Gay and Lesbian Community Center on Monday nights—ACT UP nights—that says, "ABANDON HOPE, ALL WHO ENTER HERE." The night David showed up, he was addressing an organization that no longer exists. So much anger was spent by so many people so quickly, to so little effect, that the residue of bitterness left most of New York's AIDS activist community burned out. A lot of people died. But many more were exhausted by the group's ineffectual ethos of collective, unquestioned rage.

It isn't poetry that makes nothing happen, it's anger. I don't remember much of David's speech. I remember he said "fuck" a lot. Like many ACT UP members, he had an adolescent's faith in the totemic power of the word "fuck." He also used the word "anger." He was angry about dying. He was angry ACT UP was not going to keep him alive. He was angry at everyone in the room, and everyone who had ever attended a meeting, living or dead. It was the kind of speech that has a long tradition in ACT UP, a purging cry of rage, meant to renew activist fervor. I couldn't listen. I thought the point was not that David wanted a cure for AIDS, but that he wanted a cure for him. For the past five years, he put all his faith and energy into a group that was supposed to be a community. In the end, however, David didn't care that his friends were dying, he cared that he was dying.

Many people in the room that night, and others who heard about what went on there, feel he had a perfect right to his self-interest. I don't. His death wasn't something that happened only to him. I was losing something, too. So were a lot of people. Apart from anger, one of the implicit faiths of ACT UP is selfishness. What ACT UP wants as a group is to provide an outlet for the personal gratification of each individual soul. The HIV-negative members want to be affirmed. The HIV-positive members want to be cured. David's speech was not courageous or inspiring, it was egotistical. What he finally said to the AIDS activist community was, "This is about *me*. Nothing matters now except saving *me*."

I would have done anything to help him, but finally, what David wanted rescuing from wasn't AIDS. He hated AIDS, but more than that, he hated being human. Like a lot of AIDS activists, he thought that he alone was too special to die.

JOHN WEIR is a New York writer.

A better solution to the welfare mess.

WELFARE DADS

By Paul Offner

In the current debate over welfare reform, you don't hear much about fathers. The focus is on women and children. "Men only make a cameo appearance as people who must be forced to acknowledge paternity," writes columnist Ellen Goodman. For most of the past fifty years, our welfare laws have treated men as largely irrelevant. "The result," says former Minneapolis Mayor Don Fraser, "has been to drive fathers from the home and marry the mothers to the system."

In theory, welfare reform should improve this situation. Low-income women, knowing they will have to work if they go on welfare, are more likely to stay with the fathers of their children even if these men are poor providers or lousy husbands. Furthermore, as child support systems improve, fewer fathers will desert their families, since doing so will be less likely to relieve them of their support obligations. Unfortunately, though, there's another side to the story. The major reform bills all require that recipients work, preferably in private jobs, otherwise in government-created positions. But the bulk of the new jobs will go to the mothers, not the fathers. Imagine the scene in an impoverished urban neighborhood once the new welfare system is in place: every morning welfare mothers pack their lunch buckets and head off to work, while the fathers of their children lounge around the street corners watching them go.

This makes no sense. As James Q. Wilson said recently, "It is *fathers* whose behavior we most want to change." They're the ones dealing drugs, committing crimes and terrorizing our cities. Most people would be willing to allow poor mothers to stay at home with their children if the fathers could be convinced to join the work force and contribute to society.

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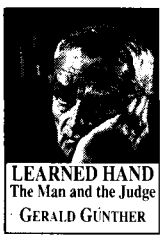

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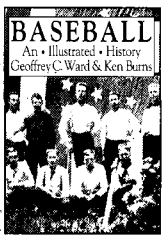

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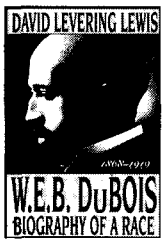

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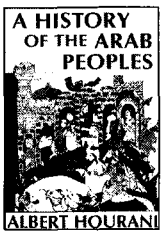

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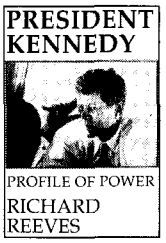

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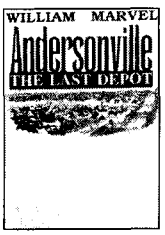

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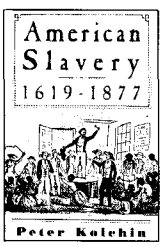

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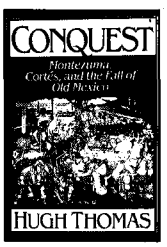

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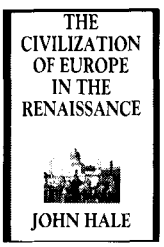

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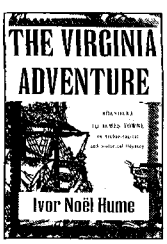

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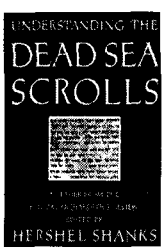

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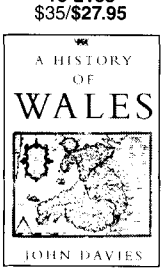

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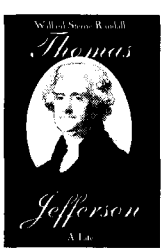

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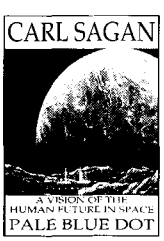

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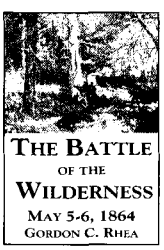

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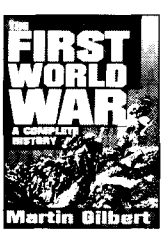

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And it's the fathers for whom things have been getting worse. Consider our black communities. The black share of the welfare population has declined for the past twenty years—a smaller proportion of black families is on welfare today than in 1973. The opposite is true of the black prison population, however. Over the past ten years it has doubled. Why is this significant? Because 95 percent of welfare families are headed by women, whereas 90 percent of prison inmates are men. So if we want to address the part of the problem that's getting worse, we'll have to do something about the men.

One remedy would be to create enough public jobs to employ both the mothers and the fathers. But creating a public service job costs about $4,000 per year, not including day care, transportation or the wages paid. At this cost, we don't even have enough money to put all the mothers to work. Even if we did, it's hard to believe the public would be willing to create the 2 million to 3 million public jobs that would be required.

Here's a more promising approach. Why not offer the welfare mother a choice? Either she takes the public job, or the father of her children goes to work in her place. We might allow the father to work something like full time—more than the number of hours required to pay off the welfare grant—and keep the difference. Consider an example: in Ohio, a mother with two children receives a monthly check of $341 from the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program. For that sum, she would have to work eighteen hours per week at the minimum wage under the president's proposal. But, if the father of the children went to work in her place, he could work forty hours per week and earn $731 a month, of which $341 would go to the mother. The remaining $390 he could keep.

The payments to the fathers would increase costs, but there would be savings. With the mother at home, day care expenses would be reduced; depending on the age of the children, the savings could be $200 to $400 per month per child. Clinton's bill contains $2 billion for day care, much of which could be saved. This plan would also lower Food Stamps benefits for the men, since their earnings would be counted in computing these benefits.

We don't know how many welfare mothers would choose this option, or how many fathers would agree to go to work in their place. For the father, much depends on what state he happens to live in. A minimum wage job paying $731 per month looks a lot better in Alabama where, on average, only $164 would be deducted for the mother and her children, than in New York City, where $577 would be deducted. In either case, the financial incentive is not great. But there is another incentive: many fathers want to support their families—experts estimate that 30 percent to 40 percent of low-income men living apart from their families still maintain a relationship with them. The fathers aren't contributing much because they aren't working. This proposal would alleviate that problem, at little or no cost.

Different states could try out different approaches. In states with low welfare benefits, jobs providing fewer than forty hours a week may make sense, and cost less money. High-benefit states might need to find additional incentives to get the fathers to participate. State experimentation will be essential to learn what works.

If the father is allowed to satisfy the mother's work obligation, the relationship between the two changes. Each now has a practical reason to need the other: he needs her so he can have access to a public job and to his children; she needs him to meet the work obligation so she can stay home with the kids. Of course, there are risks. Some fathers, either because of substance addictions or abusive personalities, may lash out at the mothers or their children. State governments have an obligation to protect victims of such behavior and to try to reconcile the warring parties—in all cases of abuse. But this risk, however real, is not a sufficient reason to give up on the fathers.

Twenty-five years ago, President Nixon sent Congress a welfare reform proposal, the Family Assistance Plan, that sought to eliminate the bias against fathers, but it was defeated. In 1988 Congress passed the Family Support Act, but it corrected only part of the problem. Today, everyone acknowledges that welfare drives fathers away from their families, but no one knows what to do about it. So the subject receives little attention and the debate quickly moves on—or back—to the mothers.

It's a mistake, though. With almost 40 percent of all children growing up without one of their biological parents in the home, our government is telling low-income fathers it is interested in them only as payers of child support. It is hard to imagine a more damaging message. Even if the proposal made here does not save money, or lift many families out of poverty, it holds some promise of getting fathers back into the picture. That may be the most important welfare reform of all.

PAUL OFFNER is legislative aide to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

SARAJEVO POSTCARD

MISSING PAGES

By Thom Shanker

In early June, 1992, the Serb gunners in the hills above Sarajevo were mounting some of their fiercest bombardments of the war. Among their targets was the National Museum of Bosnia-Herzegovina. The building, of course, had no military significance. But, in a war of "ethnic cleansing," the destruction of religious and cultural landmarks is a strategic imperative, and the museum was fair game. The country's leading repository of Bosnian anthropological

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SMALL IS BIG

In research centers around the world, small is big. In search of knowledge, scientists have discovered the fascination of focusing on incredibly small units. Results often point the way to progress in medicine, technology and other fields. ❦ At the Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot, Israel, appreciation of the small is dramatically evident in studies ranging from elementary particles to neurotransmitters. ❦ For example, in basic medical research Weizmann cancer scientists participate in the front ranks of the international search for tumor suppressor genes to neutralize cancer-inducing oncogenes. Elsewhere, Weizmann researchers developing vaccinations for autoimmune diseases (multiple sclerosis, lupus, rheumatoid arthritis, juvenile diabetes) are carrying their studies from the cell level to the molecular level. At the same time, scientists in the new Submicron Research Center of the Institute are handling crystal growths of layers no more than a few atoms thick. In addition to breaking ground in quantum physics, they expect to develop revolutionary tools for the next industrial age . . . such as stunningly smaller and faster computer chips. ❦ Inevitably, at all institutions, researchers committed to "small" studies require major facilities. Supporting them will open new doors to health and prosperity.

The Weizmann Institute, founded in 1934, is a community of 2,300 scientists, engineers and scientists-in-training engaged in a full agenda of 800 research projects ranging from basic medical research in cancer, AIDS, neurosciences and children's diseases to chemistry, physics, agriculture, mathematics and the environment.

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and literary artifacts, it was home to the crown jewel of Balkan Judaica: the medieval Sephardic Passover prayerbook known as the Sarajevo Haggadah.

Shortly after the museum was hit on June 6, a Sarajevo University professor, Enver Imamovic, and three government soldiers went to rescue the Haggadah. They ransacked the museum's upstairs offices and galleries for hours, but turned up nothing. Then the four men groped their way into the darkened basement where shells had punctured the pipes, covering the floor with two inches of water. Imamovic finally found the book near a door blocked by rubble. Had the Haggadah not been lying on a slope leading up to the exit stairs—or had its rescuers come upon it even a few hours later—it may have been damaged forever by the rising water.

That was the last confirmed sighting of the Sarajevo Haggadah. It is now rumored to be in the underground vault of the Bosnian National Bank, which serves as both a bomb shelter and a well-hidden safehouse for cultural artifacts. But Bosnian officials dismiss queries about the whereabouts and condition of the Sarajevo Haggadah with curt references to "national security." President Alija Izetbegovic has offered only this cryptic comment: "There is an old Bosnian proverb," he says. "When the Jews leave a city, that means the city is finally dead."

One of the few Jews remaining in Sarajevo is Ivan Ceresnjes, president of Sarajevo's tiny Jewish community. Ceresnjes has perhaps the strongest claim of anyone outside the government to see the Haggadah. Yet he, too, has been refused access. "I fear these are the last days of the Haggadah," he says. "I doubt it can survive in these conditions."

Government stonewalling has led to speculation that the Haggadah has crumbled beyond repair for lack of proper care—or has been peddled on the black market in a desperate move to help finance the war. I confirmed that such a sale was entertained at least once. The potential buyer and a Central European academic told me they tried for weeks to buy the book from Bosnian officials in the fall of 1992. The proposed price was $1 million—no questions asked. The obvious implication was that the suitcase full of cash could be used to buy arms. But the deal fell through.

For now, the book remains missing in action. In a way, it is a fitting fate for a document that recounts the ancient tale of a people's redemption after decades of tyranny and exile. "The Sarajevo Haggadah is one of the finest medieval illuminated manuscripts in existence and the most famous Passover Haggadah in the world," says Chimen Abramsky, an adviser on rare books to Sotheby's, who confirms that it could easily fetch $1 million on the auction block. The Haggadah's 142 vellum folios, made of bleached leather, are inscribed in gold and copper. They depict in shimmering detail the Creation, the exile of Adam and Eve from Eden and the Flood.

Written in about 1350 in Catalonia, the fabled book was later taken out of Spain by Jews fleeing the Inquisition. The signature of a Jesuit censor on one of its pages confirms that it was in Rome in 1609. After that, it probably circulated among Jewish communities on the Dalmatian coast. About 100 years ago, says Eugen Werber, a professor at Belgrade University, an orphan boy from a family called Kohen sold it to the Jewish religious school in Sarajevo for twenty-five Austrian crowns. In 1894 the Austrian imperial artistic treasury purchased the Haggadah and put it in the National Museum in Sarajevo. When Nazi troops occupied Sarajevo in 1941, a Wehrmacht officer was ordered to seize the Haggadah from the National Museum, presumably to complement Hitler's collection of plundered art from Paris and Prague. The museum's director, Jozo Petrovic, confronted the Nazi soldier, calmly telling him that another officer had already confiscated the book. He unlocked his gallery so the German officer could see for himself—knowing that this brief stalling tactic had allowed Dervis Korkut, a scholar of Arabic, to sneak out with the Haggadah and bury it under an apple tree on Mount Bjelasnica.

Having survived the Inquisition and the Holocaust, can the Sarajevo Haggadah survive today's war? Ivan Ceresnjes has suggested evacuating it for a traveling exhibition to raise money for Bosnia relief. He was rebuffed. Israeli authorities have asked the Bosnian government to let the book be taken from the war zone under United Nations escort, and thence to Israel where it can be restored and preserved. An Israeli emissary slipped into Sarajevo early last year to make this pitch, but the Bosnian government refused to receive him. The Israelis then asked the Cortauld Institute of Art at the University of London to intercede, but the institute said it lacked the funds for such a risky undertaking.

The Haggadah's best hope appears to be Marian Wenzel, an American art historian in London. She is secretary-general of the Bosnia-Herzegovina Rescue Foundation, a private, U.N.-approved charity that salvages art, cultural relics and architectural treasures from Bosnia's wreckage. She is leading a brave campaign to coordinate safe passage to Sarajevo for Chazim Hadzimejlic, an expatriate Bosnian expert on restoring ancient manuscripts who currently works at the Art Institute of Istanbul. Although the mayor of Sarajevo, Tarik Kupusovic, has expressed his support for the project, the government hasn't followed up with a formal invitation.

Officially, the custodian of the manuscript is Bosnia's minister of culture and education, Enes Karic. This is ominous news. Karic, a professor of Koranic studies, is a hard-line Muslim nationalist who has publicly criticized mixed marriages and secular education and is unlikely to have much interest in preserving the Jewish patrimony.

But the Sarajevo Haggadah is more than just a Jewish treasure. It is also a Bosnian treasure, a symbol of the republic's rich heritage of cultural diversity. One small way to show that the war has not killed that heritage would be to guarantee the survival of the Haggadah.

THOM SHANKER is senior European correspondent for *The Chicago Tribune.*

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COURT WATCH

DANCING DAYS

By Jeffrey Rosen

George Stephanopoulos turned up at the Supreme Court last week, sitting next to Joel Klein, the deputy White House counsel. Their joint appearance seemed to illustrate the administration's anxiety about the case, *Adarand* v. *Pena*, in which the Court is being asked to strike down racial preferences in the construction industry that have been endorsed by every president since Nixon. But Klein assured me afterward that Stephanopoulos, who had never seen a Supreme Court argument before, had come along purely out of curiosity. He picked a good day. Drew Days, the solicitor general, was defending the constitutionality of federal set-asides for minorities and women; and he was in a very delicate spot.

In 1980, as Jimmy Carter's assistant attorney general for civil rights, Days had stood before the justices in the *Fullilove* case and defended a similar program, which set aside 10 percent of federal contracts under the Public Works Employment Act for "Negroes, Spanish-speaking, Orientals, Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts." But in 1987 Days dramatically recanted, and he published an article in the *Yale Law Journal* confessing his doubts. "It may appear to some either that I have experienced a profound conversion or that I have now resolved to acknowledge my own hypocrisy," Days wrote, joking that the headlines about his article might read: "RESPECTED CIVIL RIGHTS ATTORNEY REPUDIATES MINORITY BUSINESS ENTERPRISE SET-ASIDES."

Now Days has repudiated his repudiation. In his brief for the United States in *Adarand*, he resurrects some of the arguments his article rejected, and defends some of the policies his article attacked. Of course, Days was wearing different hats as an advocate and a scholar; and his hands were tied as solicitor general; and the racial preferences in the *Fullilove* and *Adarand* cases are not identical. Nevertheless, a comparison of Days's dutiful brief with his more candid article shows how the apparatus of congressional set-asides continues to rest on fiction.

In his *Adarand* brief, Days declares that "Congress's findings that disadvantage is highly correlated with race were based on extensive evidence of racial discrimination affecting government contracting." But the central accomplishment of his 1987 article had been to prove the opposite: "One can only marvel at the fact that the minority set-aside provision was enacted into law without hearings or committee reports, and with only token opposition." Days concluded that Congress had failed to establish, and the Supreme Court had failed to demand, that the 10 percent set-aside in *Fullilove* was "responsive to findings of racial discrimination" and designed to end after achieving its remedial objective. "This is an indefensible state of affairs," Days insisted. "It ought to stop."

Days's article also highlighted the interest group politics that prompted Congress to single out certain minority groups for special treatment. The current version of the congressional preference declares that the following groups should be presumed to be "socially disadvantaged": "Black Americans; Hispanic Americans; Native Americans (American Indians, Eskimos, Aleuts or Native Hawaiians); Asian Pacific Americans (persons with origins from Japan, China, the Philippines, Vietnam, Korea, Samoa, Guam, U.S. Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Northern Mariana Islands, Laos, Cambodia or Taiwan)." Women were added to the list in 1987. And the Small Business Administration, on authority delegated by Congress, has extended the preference to businessmen from Burma, Singapore, Laos, Republic of the Marshall Islands, Federated States of Micronesia, Fiji, Kiribati, Sri Lanka and Bhutan.

"What does it mean," Days asked in his article, "to say that there is evidence of discrimination against 'minorities'? One of the major flaws in the set-aside upheld in *Fullilove*, one that subsequent federal, state and local programs have replicated, is that the record did not explain why six racial groups were selected to receive the 10 percent preference."

The remedial objectives that convinced Congress to favor Eskimos and Aleuts may be even more of a fiction when applied in a state with a relatively small minority population. "It requires far more," Days concluded, "to justify the inclusion of all or most of these groups in any state or local government set-aside program."

At the argument last week, Justice Stephen Breyer declared: "I assume that, as a matter of fact, it is rational to assume that black people have suffered from prejudice." But is it equally rational, as a matter of fact, to assume that all Micronesians, Northern Mariana Islanders and women have suffered from prejudice? Perhaps the presumption of social disadvantage for groups other than African Americans is not really rational after all; for Congress, as Days illustrated, lazily enshrined the presumption in the Surface Transportation Act of 1982 without considering evidence of discrimination against many of the favored subgroups.

Is there a meaningful difference between the 10 percent set-aside that Days criticized in *Fullilove* and the more subtle preference that he is now defending in *Adarand*? The beneficiaries of the current program are called "socially and economically disadvantaged business enterprises" rather than "minority business enterprises,"

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and the preference is called a "rebuttable presumption" rather than a set-aside. To trigger the preference, a subcontractor has to show that at least 51 percent of its stock is owned by individuals who have experienced "racial or ethnic prejudice or cultural bias." But members of the preferred gender racial groups are "presumed" to be socially disadvantaged, and they get the benefit of the preference without having to prove that they have actually suffered from prejudice. In theory, an Appalachian farmer or a Hasidic Jew can try to prove that he has been victimized as well; but, unlike the favored minorities, white men have to offer real evidence.

In his article, Days emphasizes the distinction between a "rebuttable presumption" and a rigid set-aside. But the difference is hard to detect. A racial presumption is a form of racial discrimination, as Judge Richard Posner argued in a recent opinion. Clearly, the state couldn't have a rebuttable presumption that black subcontractors should be barred from highway projects. Congress and the states, Posner notes, are conferring a valuable economic benefit—access to the presumption of disadvantage—by pronouncing entire groups to be victims of discrimination. This neatly defies the Supreme Court's warning that generalizations about racial groups are almost never enough to justify racial classifications, that only empirical evidence of discrimination will do.

At the oral argument, Days undercut his own distinction. He revealed that the presumption of economic disadvantage is rebuttable, but the presumption of social disadvantage is not. A disgruntled white competitor who has lost out to a Hispanic firm can challenge the decision by proving that the Hispanic firm isn't, in fact, small or poor; but he can't offer evidence that the owner of the firm was actually head of the Porcellian club at Harvard. So Congress now presumes, as a matter of law, that all Hispanic, Samoan and Aleutian businessmen, and all businesswomen, have been victimized by prejudice. And it refuses to entertain any evidence to confirm or deny the presumption—which is really an ethnic and gender stereotype—in individual cases.

Days's empirical arguments as a scholar and an advocate are hard to reconcile; but his legal arguments are ultimately consistent. Despite his criticisms of Congress and the Supreme Court, Days stopped short, in his article, of claiming that federal set-asides were unconstitutional. And, on the constitutional point, he may be right. For all the tendentious claims of the conservative justices, it's hard to find in the text and history of the Fourteenth Amendment a principle authorizing judges to strike down racial preferences that are endorsed by Congress.

The *Adarand* case exposes the Achilles' heel of the conservative justices' affirmative action jurisprudence. They have never begun to explain why the Fourteenth Amendment, which says that no state shall deny any person the equal protection of the laws, should restrict the powers of Congress in any way. In 1954, without any analysis, Chief Justice Earl Warren discovered an "equal protection component" in the Fifth Amendment's due process clause; but this is the sort of result-oriented judging that conservatives are supposed to reject. And, while there is a more convincing way of deriving constitutional limits on Congress's power to draw racial classification, it doesn't quite justify striking down federal set-asides in the construction industry.

In his dissents in the civil rights cases of the 1880s, Justice John Harlan made clear that the central purpose of the Civil War amendments was to declare that the rights of national citizenship should not be withheld on the basis of race. But Harlan did not claim—as Justices Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas like to suggest—that all racial classifications are automatically unconstitutional. He claimed instead that the privileges and immunities of national citizenship can't be granted to one race and denied to another. Harlan's argument wouldn't justify striking down racial preferences for minority contractors, because the privileges and immunities of national citizenship are limited to public benefits that are extended to all citizens on equal terms. They don't include being hired by the government to build highways.

The constitutional question turns, in the end, on whether Congress should be able to legislate on the basis of dubious generalizations and stereotypes. Maybe so. Congress has broad authority, under the Fourteenth Amendment, to choose among competing notions of racial justice; and judges don't ordinarily require Congress to compile a convincing empirical record before passing laws. Still, there's something unsettling about Congress's increasingly casual resort to racial presumptions. When the Public Works Act was passed in 1977, it was the first federal law of general application containing an explicit racial classification. (Even the Freedman's Bureau Act of 1865, which set aside land and benefits for freed slaves, was amended to include white refugees, because the Reconstruction Republicans were committed to the principle of "no distinction according to color.") In the past two decades, however, federal race and gender preferences have proliferated, from television licenses to foreign aid provisions, culminating in Senator Howard Metzenbaum's Multiethnic Placement Act of 1994, which implicitly encourages adoption agencies to engage in racial discrimination when choosing prospective parents.

Judges are not very well suited to second-guess Congress's generalizations about race and gender, as appellate judge Clarence Thomas showed when he struck down the FCC's gender preferences for broadcast licenses. But, even as one recites the mantra of judicial restraint, the truth is that race and gender preferences for federal contracts are getting harder and harder to defend with anything less than dismay. After almost twenty years, any notion that the preferences are remedial, or compensatory, or even arguably linked to discrimination, is increasingly strained. In their current form, federal set-asides are not, perhaps, unconstitutional. They're merely indefensible. As Professor Days once argued, they ought to stop. •

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The closet liberalism of Christine Todd Whitman.

HOT TODDY

By John B. Judis

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

Last fall, New Jersey Governor Christie Whitman was invited to campaign for twenty-two Republican candidates around the country. Three gubernatorial hopefuls, George Pataki in New York, John Rowland in Connecticut and Ellen Sauerbrey in Maryland, called themselves "Whitman Republicans." "Christie," said Haley Barbour, the Republican National Committee chairman, "took the message that Republicans want to make government smaller, not bigger, and that we should promote individual freedom and individual responsibility and not more government power and government responsibility, and she made it the theme of her government." At Barbour's suggestion, Whitman gave the Republican rebuttal to Bill Clinton's State of the Union speech. Speaking in Trenton before the cheering state assembly, she reiterated her own achievements as a tax-cutter and declared that a "revolution of ideas" had begun in the states and was "sweeping America."

Already, Republican consultants and conservative activists buzz with the idea of Whitman as a vice presidential choice in 1996, to marry the post-Democratic or independent female voter to the Republicans' angry white male. Even one Christian Coalition leader listed her among presidential possibilities, while dismissing Massachusetts Governor William Weld because of his support for gay rights. But many of these boosters seem oblivious to what Whitman really stands for and what, outside of her tax cut, she has accomplished as governor. She is not a Northern version of Texas Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison, nor a female incarnation of Michigan Governor John Engler. If she expressed her convictions in a presidential campaign, she might appeal to independents and disgruntled Democrats, but she could also offend many Republican diehards. Whether she succeeds in getting on a GOP ticket in 1996 will be as good a test as any of whether the radical right has taken over the Republican Party.

Whitman's speech last Tuesday was most notable for what she didn't say: she didn't mention Newt Gingrich's Contract with America (she said the revolution began "not in Washington"); she didn't evoke the religious right's "family values" and she didn't try to rebut Clinton's proposal for a higher minimum wage or a more humane version of welfare reform. None of this was coincidental. Whitman is a throwback to an earlier Republicanism. Modern Republican conservatism was born out of opposition to the Eastern establishment politics of New York's Thomas Dewey and Nelson Rockefeller and New Jersey's Clifford Case. What Westerners Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan disliked about these Republicans was their emphasis on consensus, their implicit acceptance of the New Deal and their support for civil rights and affirmative action. In background and outlook, Whitman is a direct descendant of these Eastern establishment Republicans. She even calls herself a "Rockefeller Republican."

Today's Republican conservatism also grew out of the merger in the '70s between an older business conservatism and the social outlook of the new right. Just as opposition to abortion and the support for school prayer were critical to Reagan's coalition in 1980, opposition to Clinton's order on gays in the military helped fuel the Republican sweep last fall. But Whitman is on the opposite shore from the new Republicans on these issues. Gays in the military? "If someone is doing his job, they shouldn't be making an issue of whether he is heterosexual or homosexual," Whitman told me during an interview in the governor's office in Trenton.

Whitman doesn't express her differences with the religious and new right in strident terms, but even when she's being conciliatory, a playful derision comes through. When I asked her if she favored school prayer, she said, "I am for a moment of silence." Then she added, "I wouldn't say prayer, because then you ask what prayer. I don't think there is any problem with a moment of silence. It's when most kids get to think of whether they remembered their shoes for the sixth-period gym class."

Today's Republican conservatism displays a hatred of big government that was forged during opposition to the New Deal and the Great Society. While Whitman declared herself for "smaller government" and "less spending" in her rebuttal to Clinton, she isn't that conservative on the great issues of government. In her first State of the State address on January 10, she merely promised "more effective" government. In her first two years in office, government spending has remained constant. In her first year, the number of state jobs declined only by .3 percent; in her second-year budget, announced last Monday, she has merely created the

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illusion of drastic job cuts. In general, hers has been a much more centrist administration than that of Engler, Wisconsin Governor Tommy Thompson or other darlings of the Republican right. Whitman sees the irony of her situation. When I told her during our interview that I wanted to understand how she fit in the Republican Party, she threw back her head and laughed. "That's a question a lot of people want to answer," she said.

Christine Todd Whitman is a tall, elegant woman with large, doleful brown eyes, a pencil-thin nose, a long birdlike neck and a small mouth that curls to one side when she laughs. She peppers her conversation with repartee and references to being a mother and having children in school. She insists on being known as "Christie" because her parents called her that. Aides I interviewed repeatedly used the word "nice" to describe her. But she also has an imperious quality that can be glimpsed when she is challenged. Her eyes narrow and her mouth purses, and she pulls herself up and looks hawklike down at you.

Whitman's stately bearing and political views reflect, above all, the influence of her parents. Whitman was a child of the Eastern Republican establishment the same way that Jamie Lee Curtis was a child of Hollywood. Her father, Webster Todd, a multimillionaire contractor who built Rockefeller Center and restored Williamsburg, was a kingmaker in national and state Republican politics—on the moderate side of the party. He was a close friend and supporter of New York Governor Thomas Dewey, who defeated conservative Robert Taft for the presidential nomination in 1948. In 1952 Todd helped convince Dwight Eisenhower to run for the party nomination against Taft and then urged him to put Richard Nixon on the ticket. In 1960 and 1968 he helped Nixon win the nomination.

On two occasions—when the New Jersey party fell on hard times after Goldwater's defeat in 1964, and after it lost the governorship for the second straight time in 1977—Todd took over as party chairman. Both times he stabilized the party's finances and recruited successful new candidates; in the latter instance, one recruit was his neighbor and protégé Tom Kean. Todd was a consummate negotiator, known for keeping his cool under fire and bringing the irreconcilable together. "He had more knives sticking out of his back from his friends than any man I've ever seen," Whitman recalled.

Whitman's mother, Eleanor, known as "the hurricane" for her boundless energy, was equally active in Republican politics. She served as a delegate to Republican National Conventions and was state finance chair for George Bush's 1980 presidential bid. A traditional feminist, she was president of the New Jersey Federation of Republican Women. Whitman believes that if her mother had been born in an era when women were acceptable as candidates, she would have run for office.

Christie, her sister and her two brothers grew up being bounced on the knees of presidents, governors and senators. They became involved in campaigns from the time they could walk. In 1956, when Christie was 10, she sold lemonade at Eisenhower-Nixon rallies in New Jersey. By 1974, when she married John Whitman, a fledgling New York investment banker whose grandfather was governor of New York, it was clear she would someday run for office. "Our marriage vows should have been, 'In sickness and in health and in politics,' " Whitman quipped.

Christie Whitman was raised on Pontefract, a 222-acre farm in the rolling hills of Western New Jersey where other old-money Eastern families—the Keans, the Frelinghuysens and the Fenwicks—mimicked the English gentry. The Todd children were brought up with a strong ethic of community service and public responsibility. "There was certainly a feeling in our family that we had been very lucky, and you gave back," Whitman explained. She came to envisage politics not as a path of upward advancement but as a means of serving the public.

As the Republican Party moved toward a militant conservatism, Whitman went in the opposite direction. In 1964, when Ronald Reagan was rallying Republicans around Barry Goldwater's presidential candidacy, Whitman and her brother Webster, known as Dan, worked for Nelson Rockefeller's nomination. Although Whitman stayed away from the new left movements of the '60s, there was one interesting exception: she remembers that sometime in the mid-'60s, as a student at Wheaton College, she took part in a demonstration at nearby Wellesley to protest the arrest of birth-control activist Bill Baird. It was her feminism first asserting itself. In 1968 Whitman backed Rockefeller against Nixon. Then, in 1969, after graduating from Wheaton, she moved to Washington to work for the new Republican administration—first at the Office of Economic Opportunity and then at the Republican National Committee.

At the RNC, while the Republican Party was wooing George Wallace voters and loosening its historic tie to blacks, she and her mother set up a listening post to find out why blacks and young people were not interested in the party. "I was trying to get Republicans to understand," she said. At one point, Whitman recalled, she held a meeting on a winter night with a Chicago gang called the Black Disciples. "They were pretty tough kids, and they started using every word they could think of, but I had grown up around two older brothers and a farmer, so there wasn't much they could describe that I hadn't heard before," Whitman said.

After she left the RNC, she got married and went to live in New York. She began teaching mathematics and English as a second language in Spanish Harlem. When I asked her, "How come?" she shot back with a sly grin. "How come what? Married or teaching?" Then she explained, "We wanted to do something that was needed." In 1982, having moved back to New Jersey, she entered her first race, winning election as a Somerset County representative. In 1987 Kean named her to a low-visibility cabinet post, president of the Board of Public Utilities. She also stayed active in social causes. She was a founder of Republicans for Choice and presi-

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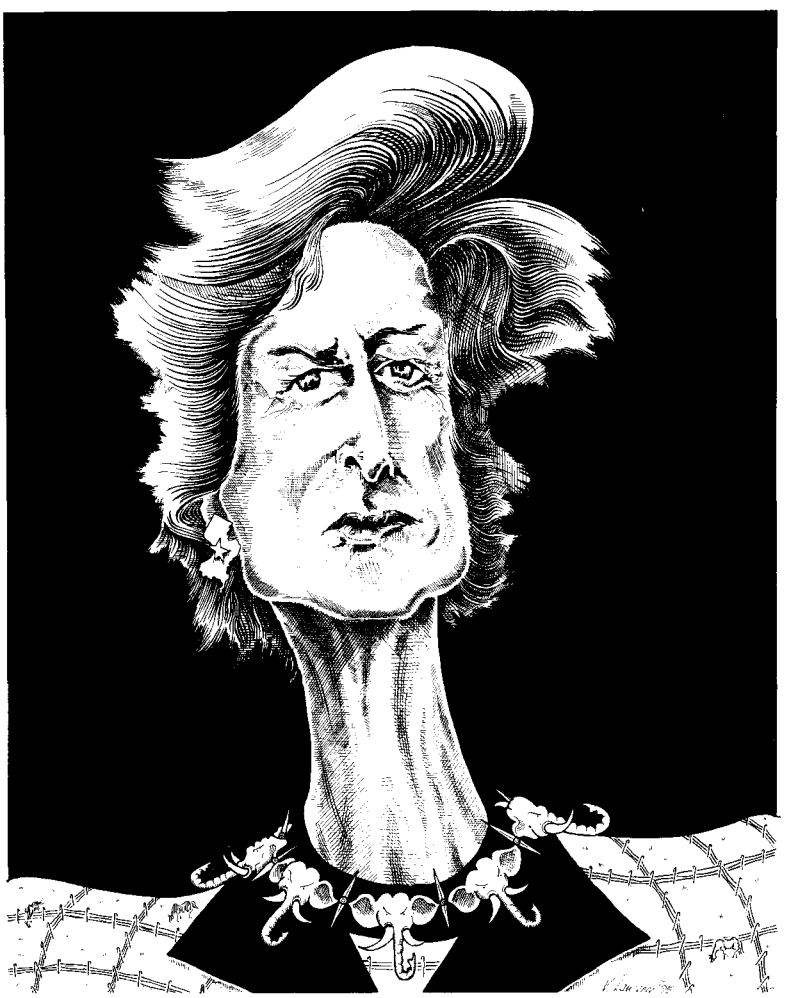
dent of the Community Foundation of New Jersey, which funded homeless shelters, ghetto parks and teaching for the poor. Says an old family friend, "I never saw a stronger sense of noblesse oblige."

As Whitman prepared to enter statewide New Jersey politics in the '90s, she already had a clear sense of who she was and what she wanted to do in politics. She was a type of Republican common in the Eastern social register, but rarely found in the South or West: a combination of upper-class do-gooder, good government proponent, old-line (not radical) feminist and pro-business moderate. What she still lacked was a clear idea of where New Jersey should go. In the '90s she undertook a crash course in New Jersey politics that culminated in her 1993 election campaign against incumbent Jim Florio.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

New Jersey has long been a bellwether state in both its economics and its politics. It was the first state whose suburbs eclipsed its cities as centers of industry and finance. In the Midwest, for instance, manufacturing has abandoned the cities for the suburbs, but the suburbs still remain dependent on Chicago or Cleveland as centers of finance, advertising and law. New Jersey's suburbs, in contrast, look toward Philadelphia and New York, not Newark, Elizabeth, Paterson, Passaic, Camden or Jersey City. These minority-dominated cities have withered as their manufacturing jobs have disappeared. They have become centers of destitution in a state whose suburbs, sustained by pharmaceutical, telecommunications and electronics companies, have prospered. New Jersey has the second highest per capita income in the country, but some of the poorest inner cities. In Trenton, where the state Capitol is housed, you can sit in state offices and hear gunshots from nearby crack houses. Trenton doesn't have a downtown hotel and has only one bookstore. One evening, leaving a state treasury office by the wrong door, I found myself walking among gang members. Yet several miles up the road in Lawrenceville and Princeton, there are elysian conference centers, sleek glass office buildings and palatial homes where the nation's and state's wealthiest people work and play. It is a pattern of poverty amid plenty that may be reproduced across the country in years to come.

The state's odd economic structure is sustained by its tax structure. Like other early Colonial states, which pegged voting to property, New Jersey has always been inordinately dependent on property taxes for local revenue. It had no state tax whatsoever until 1966. As New Jersey's cities began to lose businesses, their property tax revenues began to fall and the schools and other services suffered. In 1974 the New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that the state would have to adopt an income tax in order to help fund the poorer urban school districts. After the court shut down the schools, Democratic Governor Brendan Byrne was able to convince the legislature to pass the state's first income tax, but it was highly unpopular. Voters in the wealthier districts opposed tax increases partly out of self-interest, but, as the urban districts fell apart, middle-class voters argued that the administrations of Paterson or Passaic were so corrupt that they would simply squander whatever money the state sent them. As I was about to visit Trenton last month, I asked a liberal professor at Rutgers which "prominent black leaders in the cities" I should interview. "There aren't any left who haven't been indicted," he replied.

Opposition to tax increases has produced a political paradox that is a corollary to the state's economic paradox. New Jersey's heavily unionized, cosmopolitan electorate is one of the nation's most liberal on most social and economic issues—from the minimum wage (New Jersey's is pegged 25 percent higher than the nation's) to abortion. Normally, a conservative Republican can't get elected to most state offices, as Chuck Haytaian found out in his senatorial bid last fall against the colorless Frank Lautenberg. But there's one issue on which New Jersey's voters have been anything but liberal: the state income tax. Opposing income tax increases and propos-

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ing cuts are easy ways for a politician to win office.

Faced with the tax issue, Democratic state officials have often found themselves torn among their own constituencies. Liberal and moderate Republicans, on the other hand, have been able to oppose taxes on Republican fiscal grounds while declaring their commitment on the social front to what Kean called the "politics of inclusion." In 1981 Kean won the governor's race against Florio by promising an income tax cut, which Florio denounced as "irresponsible." Then, after Kean had been forced to raise the income tax, Florio ran successfully in 1989 on a promise not to raise income taxes—even though the state court was expected to rule again that the government must subsidize the poorer education districts. Having won office easily against a pro-life Republican, Florio succumbed to political hubris. Instead of waiting for the court to force his hand, he rammed through a huge increase in both the income and sales tax rates so he could cut a burgeoning deficit and finance school reform. Florio's move spurred a violent statewide revolt, from which Whitman ultimately benefited.

In 1990 Whitman set out on the quixotic task of challenging Senator Bill Bradley. It was her first run for statewide office, and, in normal times, she would have gotten trounced. But she ran a campaign tying Bradley to Florio, and when Bradley obliged by refusing to criticize Florio's tax hike, she began to climb in the polls. And although three-quarters of New Jersey voters didn't know who Whitman was just ten weeks before the election, her debates with Bradley helped. Whitman displayed a remarkable ability to look straight into a television camera and talk to people in their homes. Like Kean, she knew how to speak to people who weren't of her own class, precisely because she knew they weren't. By contrast, Bradley—and even Florio, the son of a dockworker—were stiff and awkward among working-class voters.

By the third debate with Bradley, however, her ignorance of national politics and foreign affairs began to show. At one point, she attempted to turn a question about the Berlin Wall into a question about term limits. "We see the Berlin Wall coming down, but we still have a wall around Congress," Whitman remarked. Although Bradley won by 55,000 votes, Whitman established herself as the GOP favorite to challenge Florio.

Whitman established a PAC to give money to local candidates and began planning her campaign. The big question was how to deal with taxes. Whitman planned, of course, to attack Florio for raising taxes, but she initially refused to call for a tax cut. As the campaign began in 1993, she even denounced the call for a tax cut as "cynical." Her position reflected that of New Jersey's Republican establishment. Republicans such as Kean worried justifiably that a new tax cut could bankrupt a state already facing large deficits and the prospect of another court-imposed school crisis—the result of the legislature rolling back part of Florio's tax increases and payments to poorer districts.

Whitman first put together an odd group of supporters: business leaders who liked her calls for deregulation; the president of New Jersey NOW, who supported her because she opposed Florio's efforts to punish welfare mothers who wouldn't report their children's fathers; and gun owners angered by Florio's ban against assault weapons. But her campaign lacked focus and was damaged by gaffes. By the summer, she was falling behind Florio in polls. At this point, she began to rethink her opposition to a tax cut. She asked *Forbes* magazine heir Steve Forbes, a neighbor in the New Jersey Hills, and Lawrence Kudlow, formerly a Reagan budget official and now an editor at *National Review*, to draw up a tax cut program for her. Their proposals, but not their supply-side arguments, were backed by John Whitman, who believed that cutting taxes would force the state to spend less, and by campaign manager Ed Rollins, who thought a tax cut proposal would direct voters' attention to Florio's tax hikes. At a climactic meeting in September, Whitman agreed to Forbes's and Kudlow's argument for a three-year Kemp-Roth-style 30 percent cut in the income tax. Criticisms that the cuts helped mainly the wealthy were inevitable; Whitman tried to deflect them by exempting New Jerseyans earning less than $7,500 from any tax and by offering a less substantial tax break to people making more than $80,000. At one point, she even proposed granting city-dwellers a 50 percent tax cut.

Local newspapers and most economists in the state criticized Whitman's plan. She hadn't explained how the state could possibly pay for it, and the numbers themselves seemed to change every day. Nonetheless, the proposal did exactly what her political aides hoped: it focused attention once more on Florio's tax increases and away from her inexperience. As she hammered the tax issue during the last month of the campaign, she caught and then surpassed Florio, winning by 27,000 votes.

One New Jersey Republican political consultant, asked to grade Whitman's performance during her first year, gives her an "A plus" in public relations, a "B" in policy and a "C" in addressing long-term problems. That strikes me as accurate. Whitman's first year as governor—in contrast to Clinton's first as president—was a textbook example of how to expand a narrow electoral majority into a broad governing one. Even partisan Democrats praise her. Says one former Byrne administration official, "She is warm, accessible, and gives an impression of sincerity." But her fiscal policies did not appreciably benefit the state.

Much of the reason for Whitman's political success is her style. Like her father, she is very cool under pressure and has enormous self-confidence that makes her willing to risk situations that would frighten other politicians. After Rollins claimed he had given black ministers "street money" to suppress the black vote, Whitman immediately issued a sharp denial. When Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton came to Newark to buttress Democratic demands for a recount, Whitman insisted on meeting with them. After the meeting, both men praised her and

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A Message from Negative Population Growth, Inc.

Why We Must Reduce Immigration From Over One Million to 100,000 a Year

It Makes No Sense for Our Nation to Permit Massive Immigration

We now allow over one million immigrants to settle here every year. If our fertility rate remains at 2.0, continuing immigration at that level would swell our population to nearly 500 million before the end of the next century. **That would almost double our present size!**

Such growth would be intolerable. It would destroy our environment, our standard of living and the quality of our lives.

With a present population of 262 million, our country is already vastly overpopulated in terms of the long range carrying capacity of its resources and environment. Yet we continue to grow rapidly, by 25 to 30 million each decade.

We Need to Halt and Then Reverse Our Population Growth

We at NPG believe that our goal should be to stabilize our U.S. population at no more than 150 million, its size back in 1950. We consider that to be the optimum size for our country.

We Americans do not have to agree now on the exact size of a smaller population, however, since any substantial reduction in numbers would take many decades to achieve. It is only essential that we agree on the urgent need to halt and reverse our population growth.

Immigration Must Be Drastically Reduced

Because we have allowed our nation to become seriously overpopulated we are in deep trouble. A quick and easy solution simply does not exist. To start on the path toward a smaller, more sustainable population, we must halt illegal immigration and sharply reduce legal immigration.

Accordingly, NPG strongly recommends that legal immigration be cut back from its present 900,000 per year to no more than 100,000, including all relatives, refugees and asylees. We further call for an all-out effort to reduce illegal immigration, currently estimated at 300,000 a year, to as near zero as possible.

Best Case Scenario: Low Fertility, Low Immigration

What would happen to our population if our fertility rate were gradually reduced from the present 2.0 to 1.5 by 2050, if illegal immigration were virtually halted, and if legal immigration were reduced in 1996 from the present 900,000 a year to 100,000 a year, as we advocate?

The bad news is that our population would still continue growing for another 25 years, peaking at 300 million in 2020. **The good news** is that by the end of the next century it would have declined to around 180 million. In a few more years it would reach 150 million and could be stabilized at that level, even allowing a slight increase in fertility and/or immigration.

This is the path to a smaller population that NPG advocates.

Another Scenario: Low Fertility, High Immigration

If our fertility were reduced as in the "best case" scenario, but immigration remained at its present high level, the picture would be far worse.

1. Our population would continue growing for another 55 years, peaking in 2050 at 337 million, **75 million more than we are now.** Our impact on the environment would accordingly be that much greater.

2. Even by the end of the next century, our population would still be 298 million, 36 million greater than it is today, **and 121 million larger than it would be under the "best case" low immigration scenario.**

This is a path that our nation cannot afford to follow. **Clearly, the level of immigration will have a tremendous influence on the eventual size of our population.**

We Cannot Rely on Fertility Decline Alone to Reverse Our Population Growth

Fertility rates are difficult to change and when they do change, they almost always do so very slowly. Furthermore, future fertility rates are unpredictable: they might well increase rather than decrease. Over the last 18 years, for example, the trend has been upward, from a low of 1.7 in 1976 to 2.0 in the last few years.

That is all the more reason why we must reduce immigration to a level consistent with our long-term national interest. Reducing immigration is a much faster and more certain way to get results than relying on fertility decline.

If we can persuade our government to act **NOW** to halt illegal immigration — and to cut legal immigration from 900,000 to 100,000 a year — **we will at last be doing something** to brake runaway population growth in our country.

If you believe with us that immigration must be drastically curbed — and without further delay — then we ask you to work for this goal as a member of Negative Population Growth. We need your help.

NPG is a nonprofit, national membership organization established in 1972. Contributions to NPG are tax deductible to the extent the law allows.

Yes, I want to become a member of NPG, and help you work towards a smaller U.S. population. I am enclosing my check for annual membership dues.

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exonerated her from any role in the controversy. "She has a balance that few politicians have," says former Kean administration official Hazel Gluck, now a lobbyist in Trenton. "She doesn't get thrown off."

Whitman has also practiced her father's politics of consensus. Her administration is politically and socially diverse. Her welfare commissioner is a holdover from the Florio administration. One of her top budget people is a Democrat. Her press secretary was a political independent who criticized her during the campaign but now swears by her. Her secretary of state is a black woman, and she has appointed the first African American to New Jersey's State Supreme Court. She has handled interest groups deftly. Florio enjoyed labor union support in his campaigns, but as governor Whitman actually has been more solicitous of labor's opinions than Florio was. She held several meetings with public employee unions to review her forthcoming budget—something Florio never did. She has used commissions to draw potential critics into her administration's broader planning process. Marty Johnson, the president of Isles, a Trenton community organization, was invited to be a member of a subgroup of the governor's Economic Development Task Force that dealt with cities. Johnson now sings Whitman's praises. "I do believe she cares about urban New Jersey," he says. She has even managed to avoid being pinioned in New Jersey's racial politics. After Nation of Islam spokesman Khallid Abdul Muhammad attacked Jews at a state college speech, Whitman arranged a showing and discussion of *Schindler's List* on campus. During last fall's election, after black ministers protested conservative radio host Bob Grant's racist comments, she refused to make her regular appearance on his show. (After the election, she did appear, but rebuked Grant.)

She has also carefully tacked to the middle in all her policy initiatives. Whitman pleased businesses by appointing a businessman to head the state's Department of Environmental Protection, whose onerous regulations and red tape were often blamed for driving companies to relocate. But she vetoed a legislative measure requiring that state environmental regulations be no stricter than minimum federal regulations.

Whitman kept her promise to cut income taxes her first and second years. She has not, however, used the cuts to hack away at the state government. In her first budget, instead of financing the cuts primarily through genuine spending cuts, she financed the bulk of them through accounting methods reminiscent of Nelson Rockefeller in Albany. To make up most of that year's deficit, she changed the funding of the state's pension obligations, supposedly saving the state $1.3 billion. This year she claims to be reducing the state's work force of 65,000 by 3,300, but the real numbers are considerably lower: according to budget officials, the state will lose 345 jobs through attrition, while another 2,200 jobs will be subject to "competitive contracting"—meaning that, if a private firm demonstrates it can do something better and cheaper, it will get the jobs. In any case, these jobs won't disappear (the state will still be paying for them); and according to a budget official it is "highly unlikely" that many actual state jobs will be lost. That leaves the number of planned layoffs at about 812, roughly the same number that were planned last year. (And last year the number was later reduced to one-quarter of that original goal by the time the budget took effect.) Thus, Whitman's layoffs should run at best 1 percent. Her government might prove more effective, but it will not be smaller.

Whitman has also steered clear of right-wing hot-button issues. During her campaign, she promised Jersey City Mayor Bret Schundler that she would seek a legislative waiver to allow Jersey City to launch a school voucher program that would give parents money to send their children to private and parochial schools. The Heritage Foundation and the Cato Institute, which have sent experts to Jersey City, love Schundler's plan. The teachers' union and many parents with children in public schools, however, oppose it. Whitman failed to seek the waiver during her first year, and then put it off for another year in her State of the State speech. Schundler is furious with her, but few other New Jerseyans care.

In national issues, where she represents New Jersey, Whitman has also sought the center rather than the right. She has opposed Gingrich and the Republicans' welfare plan, which would automatically limit assistance after two years and would prevent legal immigrants from receiving aid. "There should be some recognition that training is necessary and that some people are going to need more than two years," she told me. "I am also concerned that if you haven't been creating jobs, if there aren't opportunities, you can't just say it's two years and out. There has to be some balance there." Like other Republican governors, she has also complained about unfunded mandates from the national government, but she conspicuously did not join California Governor Pete Wilson in refusing to implement the motor-voter bill, which is likely to increase low-income registration. These positions put her at odds with national Republicans, but not with New Jersey's centrist electorate.

While displaying great skill as a politician, Whitman has been less impressive as a policymaker. She has convinced voters of the need for her tax cuts, but not the state's economists—not even some that she herself appointed. For good reason: her numbers still don't add up. During the campaign, Whitman claimed that her tax policies, drawn up by Kudlow, could create 450,000 jobs over four years. But in her first year New Jersey added only 60,000 jobs. The state will be lucky to create half her predicted total in four years.

Whitman claims that her tax policies were responsible for whatever new jobs there have been, but few economists agree. During the first ten months of 1993, when Florio was governor and the state was still coming out of the recession, New Jersey added 45,300 jobs. During the comparable ten-month period last year of Whitman's administration, it added 55,200. The additional jobs, argues Donald Scarry, an economic consultant

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and a member of Whitman's Governor's Council of Economic Advisers, were due primarily to the national business cycle. "I think the cycle sits there like the Cheshire cat and drives things," Scarry says.

When I asked Whitman about the comparison between 1993 and 1994, she pointed to the psychological boost that business received from the tax cut. "If you look at the state of New Jersey in the past, it was a little bit above the industrial northeast and the surrounding states. After those [Florio] tax increases, we started to fall way behind New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. We are now coming back. We are now doing better than New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut." But New Jersey's recovery began before her tax cuts took effect, or were even announced. From March 1992 to January 1994, when Florio was governor, jobs in New Jersey grew 2.2 percent, while jobs grew by .4 percent in New York and by 1.1 percent in Pennsylvania. The average for Northeast states was 1.4 percent, well behind New Jersey's rate of growth. There is no evidence that Whitman's tax cuts had any effect on the state's comparative rate of growth. They were good politics, but not necessarily good economics.

They might even turn out to be bad economics. The cuts make it much more difficult for the state to bridge the gap between New Jersey's cities and suburbs. In her recent budget, Whitman proposed a five-year annual urban grant of $2 million, to be tripled by banks. Democratic State Assemblyman Wayne Bryant—a moderate black legislator who authored the state's controversial welfare plan—called it "dropping a pin in the ocean." "I don't know how you take cities with crumbling infrastructure, roads, sewers, toxic factories, and do anything about that without dollars," Bryant says. When I asked Whitman about Bryant's comment, her eyes narrowed. "Ask the urban mayors if they are so insulted they don't want part of that," she shot back. But Bryant is right. A paltry $2 million, even compounded over five years, will barely fill a pot hole in Passaic. And Whitman will face still greater fiscal problems from trying to meet the court's demand that by 1997 the government begin spending $400 million more on the state's poorer school districts; this year's budget spends only $100 million. The tax cuts have greatly limited her flexibility in dealing with these problems.

In the end, her tax cut could turn out to be bad politics. As she reduces state payments to cities and towns in this year's budget to pay for the tax cuts, localities will have to make up the difference through higher fees and property taxes. New Jerseyans will soon find themselves with no tax cut whatsoever. Says Scarry, "Anything the state government doesn't do is going to wind up being done by the municipalities. You have to look very carefully when someone says they are going to shrink state government."

With a budget crisis looming, and with property taxes rising, Whitman could be in trouble by 1997 when she would have to run for re-election. Camden Democratic Representative Rob Andrews, who is thinking about running for governor, says, "Her Achilles' heel is that she is not a tax cutter. When her record is examined, most people will find out they are forking over more of their money." But Whitman herself might not be around Trenton when Andrews and the voters make this final examination.

Whitman understands that no one can run for vice president, but she is clearly interested in the position. She has installed her trusted lieutenant Kayla Bergeron, who ran her 1990 senatorial campaign, at the state GOP, where Bergeron handles Whitman's relations with the national party. Says one Washington consultant who has worked for Whitman, "There is no question that she is now trying to position herself."

When I asked Whitman herself if she has ever thought of running for president, I got a denial reminiscent of Clarence Thomas's denial that he had ever thought about *Roe* v. *Wade*. But, while she doesn't like to talk about her presidential or vice presidential ambitions, her family does. Her brother Dan Todd thinks she has the drive to be president as well as vice president. "Does she have the stamina? You bet," Todd says. Her husband worries that the religious right will block her rise in Republican politics. "These people are running around the country like they control the world," he said. "If the moderates don't get organized, then the lunatic fringe right will take over the party." John Whitman complained that, when he accompanies his wife to Washington, Republicans there tell them privately that they like Whitman's "liberal policies." But, he adds, "they won't say it out loud."

When I asked Christie Whitman whether she shared her husband's view that the religious right is a "lunatic fringe," she was much more diplomatic, but her meaning still came through. "There are people in both parties who hold extreme positions at either end of the spectrum," she said. "I don't worry about that. There are a lot of people who would like to see a division within the party, but I think the common philosophies will win out. You just have to be careful. There are a lot of issues that are very personal and that are very divisive, and as a party we don't need to be championing them."

What happens to Whitman in national politics depends, of course, on whom the Republicans nominate for president. On paper, she would make a brilliant match with just about any of the expected candidates—from Bob Dole to Phil Gramm. Insofar as a vice presidential choice can make a difference, Whitman would leaven these men's hard edges among women voters and give them an important boost among political independents in the suburbs—among the people who wouldn't vote for Ollie North or Chuck Haytaian or Michael Huffington. But ordinary voters don't choose vice presidential nominees; presidential nominees pick them under the watchful eye of the party's faithful. Whitman's fate will rest on whether the party's most conservative wing will be willing to have someone on the ticket who holds the same views on gays as William Weld does and the same views on welfare as Ted Kennedy. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

States of Being

If the word "permanent" still means anything in our culture, then Claude Lanzmann's name is permanently inscribed in cinema history. *Shoah,* Lanzmann's nine-hour film about the survivors of the Holocaust, is an instance of that rarity, the invaluable documentation that is also a work of art. Last month in London I noted that *Shoah* was to be shown again on television. It lives.

Lanzmann has now made a five-hour documentary called **Tsahal** (New Yorker), which had its American premiere in the Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center. The title is an acronym for Ts'va Haganah L'Yisrael—Israeli Defense Forces—and the film examines those forces, without which Israel would no longer exist. (Before *Shoah* Lanzmann made a documentary called *Why Israel?* I haven't seen it, but obviously it must have strong historical connections with the Holocaust, as of course does this new work.)

The purpose of *Tsahal* is not statistical. It is psychological and personal—to investigate the experiences and attitudes of Israelis in relation to their armed forces. Lanzmann interviews veterans of all the six major Israeli wars, though there isn't much about the War of Independence in 1948 or the Lebanese War in 1982. *Tsahal* was shot in 1991-1992: peace treaties had not yet been signed with the PLO, Rabin and Arafat had not yet been laureled, Hamas was not as volcanic as it has become.

Promptly I must note that *Tsahal* is not in a class with *Shoah,* and not just because its material is less emotionally overwhelming. Hardly a minute of *Shoah* could have been spared, but *Tsahal* is less precisely edited. It would have benefited by considerable condensation. For instance, the camera often waits while an interviewee gropes for the right phrase or repeats a statement in tidier form. A few such moments would have been enough to convey a sense of rough-hewn "reality"; after a while, these verbal pawings are merely wasteful. The camera returns to some interviewees after intervening material even if those subjects have nothing substantive to add to what they have already said. Very near the end Lanzmann has a long conversation with a settler who is building a house on the West Bank. That conversation goes on long after the settler's views, unsurprising anyway, are clear.

This last point is the chief trouble with the film: much of its material is familiar, well-documented elsewhere on film as well as in print. *Shoah,* too, was criticized for dealing with familiar material, but in that case the charge was obtuse, myopic. Essentially, *Shoah* wasn't intended as information. It is a testament, a memorial to those who suffered from depravity posing as principle. Everything in *Shoah* is specific to it. But much of *Tsahal* is about war as war—the horror, mess, ironies, hidden wounds—and these matters are universal.

Still, within the sprawling embrace of this film, flames leap and shadows chill. Fundamentally the film explores in some depth the (let's risk the phrase) innate Israeli state of mind. Even in these days of peace talks and Nobel Prizes, every Israeli is born into a condition of siege (Conor Cruise O'Brien's term), born with a responsibility to soldiering unlike that in any other country. The familiar facts—a jet can cross Israel in forty seconds, the total Israeli population is one-quarter the population of Cairo alone, and so on—have forged a link between the armed forces and every Israeli man and woman that colors every Israeli's mode of thinking one way or another. This link, as Lanzmann shows, is absolutely germane to any discussion of Israeli life.

Militarily, tanks are the center of the story. Paratroopers are seen doing their first jumps, air force cadets are seen being trained, but tanks are the heart of the matter. One veteran of the Yom Kippur War, an intelligent man haggard with self-questioning because he is one of the 10 percent in his tank group who survived, is asked what he thinks about tanks, and he can't keep back a quiet smile. "A tank is a beautiful machine," he says. He even admits that he liked being in one and firing its guns. And Lanzmann is given a tour of a tank factory by an Israeli general.

Some of the figures who express complex concerns about being Israeli, about the being of Israelis, are the writers Amos Oz and David Grossman. One whose concerns are quite different is Ariel Sharon, seen pastorally among his sheep at his country place. (No mention here of Sabra and Shatila.)

In two techniques *Tsahal* is like *Shoah.* No archival footage is used, of war or anything else. Translations, when needed, are done by someone off-camera.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Madness of King George. *Alan Bennett greatly improves his slack play, and Nicholas Hytner directs it more vividly than the theater allowed him to do. Nigel Hawthorne as George III has even more eccentric power here than on stage. (Reviewed 1/30/95)* **Nobody's Fool.** *Paul Newman. A quiet tale of a small-town construction worker that gets knotted when it tries to put on steam. But there's Newman. (1/9/95)* **Strawberry and Chocolate.** *In Castro's Havana a straight young man and a gay young man become friends. Political conviction and personal independence in delicate tension. (2/6/95)* **Vanya on 42nd Street.** *Beautiful. "Uncle Vanya," with no scenery or costumes, just generally fine acting. Haunting. (11/7/94)*—**SK**

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(Subtitles are used only when someone speaks French, though some of the talk in English could have used subtitles.)

Whatever reservations one may have about the film's dimensions, there can be none about Lanzmann's skills in making it. His questionings, and his occasional on-screen presence, are forceful. His vision is acute, often elegiac: sometimes while a respondent describes wartime slaughter, the camera roams over (presumably) the terrain in question, now tranquil. Lanzmann opens his film with a terrible explosion, and we find ourselves in a studio listening to a tape of army radio conversations during a battle. Lanzmann finishes the film with a close-up of a bespectacled young officer, sitting in the turret of a tank, smiling pensively.

I was surprised to see so little attention given to the women in the Israeli forces. I was surprised to see only a few black faces among the soldiers. On my one visit to Israel in 1988, I was struck by the frequency with which I saw Ethiopians in the squads that passed. One shot, obviously unplanned, will linger in my memory. Lanzmann and a cameraman go out with an Israeli patrol in a Gaza town. The soldiers proceed very cautiously down a narrow street. Suddenly a small Arab boy comes around the corner in the distance and walks toward us, mildly curious about these men with raised guns and upturned faces through whom he passes.

Quite a different place. Last month in Paris I attended a film premiere. The theater lobby was bright with balloons; a T.V. crew was shooting some arrivals; a costumed band of six brass players in the lobby tootled away with sprightly tunes. All this for a film that was made in 1948 and is already world-famous—Jacques Tati's **Jour de Fête**. The occasion was the first showing of the film in color. (A further aptness: I'm told that the theater itself, L'Arlequin, was once owned by Tati.)

Jour de Fête had not been "colorized"—it had been restored to its original color. For this first feature in which he directed himself, Tati had made a contract with a French company called Thomsoncolor, and the results were not usable. Much to Tati's disappointment, the film had to be released in black and white; and right up to his death in 1982, he had been trying to salvage the original.

Tati's daughter, film editor Sophie Tatischeff, and the cinematographer François Ede had a long and arduous job to produce this print. (Ede has even published a book about the task. Ah, the French and their film books.) The result fully repays the trouble.

The colors, appealingly reticent, have a strange effect. What for me was a moderately successful comedy about a gangly postman on a bicycle trying to speed up postal service in a French village has now become a lovely film about an idyllic French village with an eccentric postman. Could that have been Tati's original aim? •

The Illusion of Fate

BY MICHAEL IGNATIEFF

Foregone Conclusions: Against Apocalyptic History by Michael André Bernstein

(University of California Press, 181 pp., $22)

When I look back at the figures who occupied the pedestals of intellectual prestige during my graduate education—Marx, Freud, Lévi-Strauss, Foucault, Althusser—not one of them remains standing. In the lonely garden of postmodern thought, the alley ways are littered with toppled statues. The great authorities are discredited; and the remains of their reputations are fought over in tenured coteries. Thinking in the 1990s means strolling through that abandoned garden. The overgrown paths are strewn with broken relics, from which only a certain departed grandeur may be inferred. And these ruins do not offer inspiration, only the melancholy of vanished worlds.

Melancholy, but not nostalgia. The sentimentality about lost certainties is a little grotesque. It is important to remember all the intellectual intimidation. In the name of these passing fashions, so many anathemas were pronounced, so much conformity masked itself as radicalism, so much bad writing passed itself off as gnomic insight. It is an occasion for gladness, then, that there are no reigning tyrannies left,

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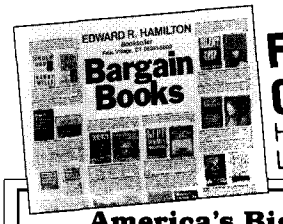

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except the tyranny of nostalgic pessimism itself.

In retrospect, the allure of grand theory concealed the extent to which the thrilling shock of the new was really the expiring shudder of the old. Marxism and Freudianism were the last gasp of nineteenth-century ideologies, as they collided with circumstances and conditions that they could not explain. What seems extraordinary now is that these venerable Victorian gentlemen were treated as modernist prophets. In keeping them alive, we kept ourselves in a state of arrested intellectual development. Now, the moment comes at last when we can give them a decent (but final) burial. It's not that Marx and Freud (or Weber, or Durkheim, or the other masters of my Harvard social studies course) will not be read in the next century; they will be read wherever respect is paid to ambition and genius. But at last they will be read archaeologically, as the remains of a mental universe that we no longer can call our own.

This leaves us in a curious state of intellectual denudation. For theories of the past are always maps of a possible future. Now we are walking backward into the future, and without maps. Of course, most of the time we have managed without maps; ideology was a fact of culture, not a fact of nature. Nor are we without refracted glimpses of the future. It may be sentimental to think of artists as seers, but this form of sentimentality is ancient, and it has a basis in reality. Artists do seek to capture, as theorists do not, the unrepeatable particularity of the present; the paradox is that it is only in the unrepeatable present that the future can be glimpsed at all.

But the grand narrative analysis that would link all these glimpses of the future together into swaggering, predictive, nineteenth-century-style theory is not so much beyond our reach as beyond any conceivable grasp. The overreachers have been shown to have overreached. The grand synthesis is not merely out of style; it now seems, for the first time since the Enlightenment, incoherent. And its fall into incoherence owes much to what Michael André Bernstein rightly describes as its insistence upon "foregone conclusions."

Foregone conclusions: as forms of historical or psychological inevitability, Freudianism and Marxism sought expressly to leave us unsurprised by the world. Everything singular in our experience could be put down as an unexceptional instance of some larger and more comprehensive truth. An event was inevitable or it had no meaning. Contingency was insufferable. Everything that happened could be made to look as if it could never have happened otherwise. To argue with such determinism, moreover, was to give proof of bad faith or false consciousness or inauthenticity. Only the bourgeois and the neurotic refused the truth of grand narrative. (The reactionary merely had a different narrative, and so was a more acceptable heretic.)

We bourgeois neurotics may not have inherited the earth, but there is no returning to the systems. The ruin of theory is general. And the universal disarray, right and left, is no bad thing. It gives heart to those who have always believed that thinking is best done alone. The collapse of the grand narratives restores those of us who endured compulsory miseducation at their hands to the contemplation of contingency, chance, accident, strangeness and unfamiliarity: all of which are unfailing stimuli to serious thought. For once, honest awe and honest perplexity have been allowed to enter our heads.

Yet we are frightened of our perplexity. The popular vogue for chaos theory is a sign of this. (If chaos can be theorized, it is not really chaos at all.) We no longer believe in any particular narrative, but we long for narrative as such. We have what Bernstein calls "a nostalgia for determinism." The habit of thinking of our century apocalyptically is well-entrenched—seeing it as the worst century in recorded history and predicting worse to come, as in certain strains of environmentalism or the current fashion of viewing our times as a return to the Dark Ages, with our civilization being overrun by barbarians, variously perceived as the ethnic nationalists without or the so-called underclass within. The habit shows that we prefer stories to no story, even when the story scares us half to death. There is an intoxication in the apocalyptic, as Bernstein reminds us, and there is comfort in the coherence of catastrophe.

Michael André Bernstein's splendid book is a hearteningly affirmative product of this new age of uncertainty and self-doubt. It is written in aid of the proposition that this is neither the best nor the worst of times, and that, in any case, what we can possibly know about the times is bound to be particular and discrete rather than universal and sweeping. Bernstein mounts an eloquent, humane defense of the idea that thought should devote itself to what is singular, specific and prosaic. He has produced a fine example of useful trespass, a lucid inquiry into the philosophy of history by someone who isn't a historian at all but a professor of comparative literature at Berkeley. As a (former) historian, I enjoyed it precisely because the terrain it takes for granted—literary theories of narrative—is more or less unknown to me.

Bernstein's chief concern is with foreshadowing, by which he means the feeling of historical inevitability, the tendency to read the past in terms of the future and to judge historical actors in terms of their capacity to predict or foretell events. The primal foreshadowing, he argues, is the early Christian refiguring of the Hebrew Bible as a prophecy of the coming of Christ. He argues that "the very idea of history as a linear unfolding from darkness toward light, and from ignorance toward truth" starts with the early Christian reconception of Jewish religious history as prophecy. The vast, somewhat disorderly universe of the Hebrew Bible was diminished into a single choral antiphon prophesying the coming of a single redeemer. This reductionism, Bernstein argues, is present in all of the narratives that humans have developed to make sense of the passage from time past to time future. In this sense, the Marxist teleology of revolution, if considered as a narrative, recapitulates the foreshadowing strategies of the Christian redemption story.

In all forms of foreshadowing, the future is invested with the sole authority to accord meaning to the past. In reality, as we know, lives can have meaning (and dignity) in the present, even when they end in failure, defeat or annihilation in the future. Their worthiness is not to be judged by how they turn out. Most forms of historical grand narrative are success stories writ large, and are as cruel on the large scale as the myth of success is cruel on the small. Walter Benjamin once remarked that we should emancipate ourselves from the idea that life and work have significance only if they are remembered in the future. There are countless lives and works whose worth endures even if they are remembered only by God. Our problem, of course, is that we have put history in the place once occupied by the Remembrancer, and in doing so we have equated significance with historical success.

Bernstein is hardly the first person to remark on the teleological reductionism of Christian apologetics, Marxian history and Freudian psychology. All of Isaiah Berlin's writing on the philosophy of history can be read as a sustained attack on the "inevitabilism" that afflicts Marxian, and to a lesser extent Freudian, narrative. But Bernstein adds significantly to the discussions of the historians by examining art, specifically the attempt by twentieth-century novelists, such as

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Joyce, Proust, Broch and Musil, to find forms that would break free not only of the heavy-handed ironies of historical foreshadowing, but the closure demanded by the novel form itself.

All novelists play God, but a good God, Bernstein insists, does not judge his characters for not knowing what he alone can know. If a novelist allows himself the ironies of hindsight at his characters' expense, readers are let off the hook: they are handed a position of easy superiority toward fictional creatures floundering on the edge of the unknown. Bernstein gives a marvelously insightful reading of Robert Musil's great novel *The Man Without Qualities*, to show how Musil struggled to avoid cheap ironies at the expense of characters paddling about on the lip of the waterfall of World War I. "The Habsburg Empire we actually are shown in Musil's pages could just as easily have lasted many years more than collapse when it did."

Foreshadowing is most easily avoided, Bernstein argues, when novelists learn to side-shadow, that is, when they demonstrate the contingent nature of their characters' choices. Side shadows are alternative plots and explanations of behavior, roads not taken in the writer's elaboration of the form. Good novels keep side shadows in; bad ones shut them out, and allow a reader (and their characters) only one destiny, one fate. Side-shadowing speaks to the contingent and haphazard way our lives unfold. This contingency leaves us with a haunted sense of lives that we might have lived, choices that we might have had good reason to make. Only in mediocre art does life unfold as fate. Yet all of us yearn, in Bernstein's words, for the possibility that our biography "will be revealed as destiny," and that "the life we ended up having was, from the outset, actually the only possible one." This is what makes us suckers for bad books.

In illustrating this theme, Bernstein selects a courageous, if controversial, target: Aharon Appelfeld's novel *Badenheim 1939*, a book that many people think is a very good book indeed. Appelfeld's novel tells the story of a group of complacently ignorant Austro-German Jews holidaying blithely in an Austrian spa town on the eve of the Holocaust. In the course of the novel, the town is turned into a Third Reich transit camp, governed by a "sanitation department" that throws up walls and barbed wire around the town and eventually orders the baffled, indignant and unknowing holiday makers into a set of dirty railway cars.

We know where those railway cars are headed. We know everything that the vacationers do not know. The novel is thus a fable of self-delusion built on the "interaction between our knowledge and their ignorance." It opens up the whole issue of what assimilated European Jewry could have known, and should have known, about their predicament. In reality, of course, by 1939, any German Jew who could was beating down the doors of the consulates of Europe seeking visas and asylum. This is why the English version's addition of "1939" to the title absurdly heightens the apparent stupidity of the holidaymakers. By 1939 no Jew in his right mind would have been holidaying in any of the real Badenheims of this world.

Bernstein's case is that by setting Badenheim when he does, Appelfeld effectively forecloses any engagement with the difference between delusional and plausible misrecognition of the Jews' historical situation. What Appelfeld's irony forecloses, for the reader, is the possibility of genuine pity for the characters. They are seen as poor, deluded shades, meandering on the road to destruction.

The irony is that this exercise in foreshadowing is the work of someone who was himself a victim of the Shoah. Appelfeld's parents, wealthy assimilated Bukovina merchants, were exterminated, and he survived only by escaping from a camp, hiding among peasants and then falling in with the advancing Russian army. In Israel he became one of the first writers to address the Holocaust, and at first he encountered strong resistance from an Israeli readership that, at least in the years before the Eichmann trial, showed little desire to read stories of Jewish victimhood and martyrdom. And yet Appelfeld's attempts to face Israeli culture with the implications of the Holocaust have confirmed rather than confronted the heavy foreshadowing implicit in the Zionist readings of the Diaspora experience.

In modern mainstream Zionist thought, Bernstein argues, the Shoah is taken as proof of the untenability of the Diaspora and the futility of assimilation. It is an almost stupidly obvious telos. The hopeless attempt to blend into gentile life is regarded as the root cause of the blindness that engulfed European Jewry. Had they been true to themselves as Jews, had they kept to themselves, they would have understood that early departure to Zion was their only possible salvation. Those who did not see this were blinded by self-hatred. Bernstein's book is a sustained polemic against such condescensions on the part of posterity. He wants to defend "the reasonableness of those who made the fatally wrong guesses."

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He is right to do so. While it may seem reasonable for French Jews who had memories of the Dreyfus affair to take these as portents of things to come, most French Jews actually drew the opposite conclusion: their community had already survived the worst. Likewise, while Karl Lueger's anti-Semitism in pre-1914 Vienna might be seen, in retrospect, as a warning sign, in reality no warning signs could possibly have prepared anyone for what actually happened: Jewish citizens of Vienna made to clean sidewalks with toothbrushes in 1938 and, four years later, death camps. The Zionist account of history simultaneously accepts the unimaginability of the Holocaust and then insists on its inevitability. But if it was unimaginable, those who did not believe it was possible were not deluded. If they could not possibly imagine their end, they could not imagine it as inevitable. Indeed, Jewish history in the twentieth century reveals one unerring pattern: what cannot possibly happen will happen.

What is at stake here is the dignity we accord to those who can no longer speak in their own name. In saying that the Holocaust was inevitable, we take some essential mark of respect away from the actions and the thoughts, the fears and the beliefs, of those now dead. We accord them the pity due to tragic mistakes, but we do not accord them the respect they deserve. We do not recognize the reasonableness of what they thought and did, and the extent to which their circumstances made clarity so hard. We refuse them their due, which is that they did what they could in the face of the unknown and the unimaginable. If we claim that they might have known what awaited them, we condemn their actions as futile and their beliefs as illusions. We say, in effect, that their lives were a waste, judged by how they ended. There is a next step, not very distant, when we begin to blame them for their fate.

These forms of thought betray an effort to avoid the full weight of sorrow, to find some form of thought, however cruel, that would shield us the living from what we have lost. We would rather believe that it could not have happened otherwise than to entertain the still more agonizing thought that it need not have happened at all. It is false comfort to believe that cruelty is a human destiny, when in truth it is a human failure.

MICHAEL IGNATIEFF is the author of *Scar Tissue* and *Blood and Belonging* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). He is writing a biography of Isaiah Berlin.

The funny money of the World Bank.

Where Credit Is Due

BY MICHAEL LEWIS

I.

I didn't make it to the World Bank meeting in Berlin in 1988, and so I missed the marches, sit-ins, lay-downs and strikes, as well as the proceedings of the Permanent People's Tribunal, convened by Germans to try the World Bank for crimes against humanity. But I did find my way to Bangkok in 1991 to witness firsthand the People's Forum. It took place in a fetid university lecture room crammed to the bursting point with villagers trucked from the countryside by activists to protest a dam funded by the Bank, plus a few World Bankers who had flown in first-class from Washington a few days before.

Almost immediately, an ancient woman with no teeth and skin as worn and wrinkled as an old boot rose to speak.

Faith and Credit:
The World Bank's Secular Empire
by Susan George and Fabrizio Sabelli
(Westview Press, 282 pp., $59.95, $15.95 paper)

She complained that her house was about to be submerged under twenty feet of water. "We have the idea that if we are born in a place, we should die there," she began. And off she went on a vivid account of village life, while the overdressed World Bankers pretended to take notes. I have no idea if the woman was good politics, or even if what came through in translation was precisely true; but her sentiments ricocheted around the room like a four-cushion bank shot before landing in the pocket of simple truths. At one point she reached down at her feet and hoisted up what appeared to be a small boulder. "This piece of rock," she said, "has been exploded to make the dam. We always suffer from pieces of rock flying into the village. At first they said they would remove us before the explosion, but they didn't...." While hankies fluttered in the bankers' breast pockets, and villagers stomped and shouted and pounded the floor, this avatar of ancient wisdom described how this particularly large fragment of World Bank shrapnel had come crashing through the roof of her house.

Afterward I was told by people who made a career out of protesting the activities of the World Bank that 20 million Third World citizens have been displaced from their homes by the $400 billion or so the World Bank has lent. A Brazilian rainforest the size of Oregon was obliterated by a World Bank project and replaced with a ghetto of unemployed peasants. A World Bank project dislodged nearly 100,000 small farmers in India who were never resettled. In India, entire villages have run for their lives as World Bank floods swept their houses and chattels away, lending new resonance to the economic concept of spillover effects.

The vignettes of poor villagers suffering at the hands of their distant benefactors have now been retold so often that the stories have lost some of their ability to shock. Partly for this reason, the authors of *Faith and Credit: The World Bank's Secular Empire* have positioned themselves not as critics but as dispassionate observers. As they explain in their introduction, "in the social science community today, the sport of Bank-bashing is mostly considered passé and vulgar." Rather than revisit the misery the Bank has caused the poor, or the damage that it has done to the environment, Susan George and Fabrizio Sabelli propose to examine the Bank itself, "its values, its culture, its belief system and its reigning myths." Outrage is out. Wry detachment is in. The authors suspect, no doubt correctly, that, if they come right out with their belief that the world's largest engine for redistributing wealth from rich countries to poor countries is actually a machine to exploit the poor countries, they won't be taken seriously by serious people. The trouble is, they believe it all the same. Their purpose clearly is to damage the Bank however they can. And when wry detachment is deployed as a weapon of mass destruction it loses most of its wryness and all of its detachment.

A case in point is the book's chapter-long assault on Lawrence Summers, the World Bank's chief economist from 1991

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to 1993, here dubbed "The Fundamentalist Freedom Fighter." In 1992 Summers wrote a memo in which he explained the case for shifting high-polluting industries from rich countries to poor. To a handful of his World Bank colleagues he wrote, among other things, that "I've always thought that underpopulated countries in Africa are vastly *under*-polluted"; that "the economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste in the lowest wage country is impeccable and we should face up to it"; and that "the concern over an agent that causes a one in a million chance in the odds of prostrate [sic] cancer is obviously going to be much higher in a country where people survive (longer)."

To George and Sabelli, these views are obviously despicable. They also are, according to them, typical of the World Bank's values, culture, belief system and so on. "The Summers-Bank model," they explain, "places every aspect of human existence under the sign of the marketplace and rarely stops to ask the social or political questions that cannot be separated from economics, except in some notional world where the economic model represents the whole of reality." They go even further and tell us that Summers is the child of two economists, the nephew of two Nobel Prize-winning economists and the recipient of his own doctorate in economics at the age of 27. (Shock horror.)

There are at least two major problems with this approach, which is the approach of just about every left-wing critic of the World Bank. The first is its intellectual dishonesty. As anyone who has sat through an economics class must realize, the point that Summers was trying to make is not that we should dump toxic waste on poor people or that there should be more pollution, but that there are rational trade-offs to be made here as elsewhere, which might leave everyone better off. The poor man in Africa might trade a bit of his air purity for a job that prevents his family from starving, just as the rich man in America might trade a bit of his savings for purer air. Yet to George and Sabelli—as to many other Bank haters—this idea is so clearly repugnant that they refuse to dignify it with honest discussion. In their worldview, this pernicious thing called "economics" is merely a tool for further impoverishing the poor.

The more important point is that Summers's memo did not reflect the way the World Bank actually thinks or acts. Indeed, its purpose was to *change* the way the World Bank thinks and acts. It failed, of course. The Bank's former chief economist had very little real power; even the bulk of the Bank's economic staff answers mainly to the people who actually lend money. Summers had only his bully pulpit, out of which he was immediately bullied. When his memo was leaked to the press, presumably by one of the six World Bankers who received it in confidence, it was immediately denounced as "outrageous" by the Bank's president, Lewis Preston. The Bank's public relations staff then issued a flurry of disclaimers. Summers himself denied that his memo had said what he thought, but rather called it a "sardonic counterpoint." (And no wonder. The mere suggestion that the World Bank's environmental policy be subjected to rational analysis acted like a flash flood through Summers's brilliant career. It earned him the wrath of a great number of important people, among them Al Gore, and cost him the chairmanship of the Council of Economic Advisers.)

Three years later, senior World Bank staff smile queasily when asked to grant that there was a smidgen of sense in Summers's memo. Still, George and Sabelli want to believe so badly that their enemy is "economics" or "the market" that they insist that Summers's views "do in fact represent the position and the basic assumptions of the Bank."

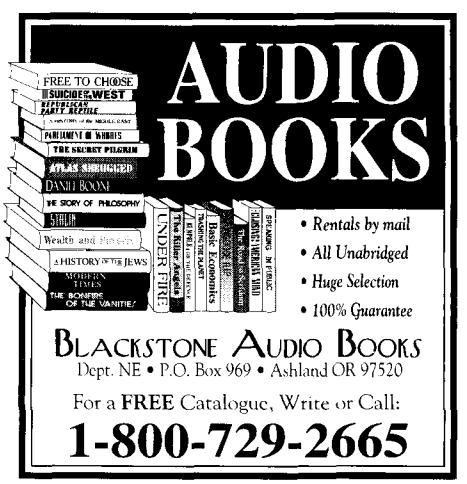
This is a shame. When you set up the dispute over the World Bank as one between the goodies outside who care about the poor and the environment and the baddies inside who care about market efficiency, you miss what's most interesting about the place. The defining trait of the World Bank is that it lies entirely outside the market. When a village is submerged by World Bank liquidity, this does not represent the inexorable march of the market, or of neoclassical economics. This represents an intervention in the market in the name of some other value. Just what that value is is the mystery.

II.

The World Bank, together with the International Monetary Fund (IMF), was created in 1944 at a conference in New Hampshire, as a kind of reaction against the pre-war faith in free markets. Its core lending operation, called the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development (IBRD), had been dreamed up by Keynes as a solution to a pair of problems. One was how to rebuild Europe after the war. The other was how to replace the international money markets with putatively more rational government controls. The Bank's original purpose had nothing to do with Third World poverty. "Twenty-one countries have been invited," Keynes wrote to a friend from Bretton Woods, "which clearly have nothing to contribute and will merely encumber the ground, namely ... [he names twenty-one poor countries that today absorb the bulk of World Bank lending, then concludes that the conference is] the most monstrous monkey house assembled for years." The Bank was designed to prevent the private sector from regaining control over the flow of money across national borders and thereby precipitating another global depression—as Keynes wrongly believed it had done.

Only slowly did the Bank crawfish its way into the Third World, as its European clients ceased to require its services. In 1960 the Bank added to its main lending arm a subsidiary, the International Development Association (IDA), which handed out fifty-year interest-free loans. (IDA is funded every three years by shareholders. American taxpayers kicked in about $1.1 billion last year, or about one-fifth of the total.) Not until 1968, however, when Robert McNamara left his job running the Vietnam War to become the World Bank's president, did the Bank fully remake itself.

McNamara saw that the Bank could be transformed into a giant engine for diverting capital from the First World to the Third. He immediately declared a war on poverty in the post-Colonial world, saying that "the rich and the powerful have a moral obligation to assist the poor and the weak." The only check on his ambition was a line in the Bank's articles of agreement limiting the Bank's lending to the amount of its reserves plus its capital. Still, as the Bank's capital in 1945 was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$10 billion, and it had compounded dramatically for more than twenty years, this proved no brake at all. (Today the Bank's capital is about $190 billion and its loan portfolio about $110 billion.)

In its first twenty-two years, the Bank funded 708 projects at a total cost of $10.8 billion. In his first five years alone, McNamara's Bank funded 760 projects at a total cost of $13.4 billion. When McNamara arrived, the Bank lent around $900 million each year, mainly in an ad hoc fashion. When he left in 1981, the Bank was lending at a rate of $12.5 billion per year in a systematic drive to create roads, ports, power plants and dams the world over. The World Bank staff expanded from 1,574 to 5,201, and the annual budget from less than $50 million to nearly $450 million.

Even more important than the growth in their numbers were the rules by which all these new world bankers lived. McNamara instituted country lending quotas; he promoted most rapidly those who were most successful at shoveling out the Bank's money. Each year lending officers were expected to disburse a fixed amount allocated to their countries from above; lending was driven, in other words, not by demand but by supply. Not surprisingly, they did. Thus, in *Aid and Power, The World Bank and Policy-Based Lending*, Paul Mosley, Jane Harrigan and John Toye show that, at a time when everyone in the Bangladesh division, including its head, agreed that there was no useful purpose served by lending further to Bangladesh, they still found ways to lend the expected sums to Bangladesh.

This sort of absurdity was justified in part by the Bank's vague cold war agenda—propping up dictators friendly to American interests and so on—but also by a theory of economic development. When McNamara came to the World Bank, it was generally accepted that the free markets did not work to alleviate poverty. Poor countries were thought to be trapped by the markets in a vicious circle of underinvestment. Poor people earned a subsistence wage, their lack of savings meant a dearth of investment, and without investment their standard of living could never improve. The solution to the poverty trap was a massive infusion of outside capital to create an infrastructure of roads, dams, ports and power plants, which in turn would trigger a vaguely metaphysical economic transformation called variously the Big Push or Economic Takeoff.

The spirit of the enterprise is fully captured by the woolliness of the metaphors used to describe it. "A frontal attack—a wave of capital investments in a number of different industries," wrote Ragnar Nurkse, a prominent Norwegian economist, in 1953, "can economically succeed while any substantial application of capital by an individual entrepreneur in any particular industry may be blocked or discouraged by the limitations of the pre-existing market." "Launching a country into self-sustaining growth is a little like getting an airplane off the ground," offered the chief economist of the World Bank, Paul Rosenstein-Rodan, in 1957. "There is a critical ground speed which must be passed before the craft can become airborne."

In practice, the Big Push implied a faith in the state as an agent for economic development. The faith was shared by the borrowing governments themselves. To an institution conceived in a spirit of hostility toward private enterprise, and to the World Bankers themselves, who were accustomed to speaking to their clients de haut en bas from a desk in Washington, a faith in the center probably came naturally. The World Bank project loan was simply the American response to the Soviet Five-Year Plan.

This view of the world proved more tenacious within the Bank than without. Even as various forms of socialism and various Great Society programs flopped to the turf from exhaustion, the World Bank chugged along happily with pro-government and anti-market sentiments. As late as 1979, for example, the Bank produced its first basic economic report on Rumania. In a section called "The Importance of Centralized Economic Control," the authors explained that

> between 1950 and 1975 the economy grew rapidly within the framework of comprehensive economic planning, which was made possible by the state's control of the major productive resources ... through this control the state was able to mobilize the resources required....

The report went on to state, "It remains probable that Rumania will continue to enjoy one of the highest growth rates among developing countries over the next decade and that it will largely succeed ..." and that "if all plans are fulfilled Rumania will have 'taken off' and become an industrialized economy by 1990, on a level with many other countries considered to be developed."

Probably the person who wrote those words did not believe them himself. The final years of McNamara, who resigned in 1981, were not the best for the World Bank. The faith in state planning proved unsustainable during the Reagan administration. The theory of economic development that underpinned the Bank's fantastic growth had fallen into disrepute—less because it was proved wrong than because the ideology that underpinned it was politically unacceptable. The Bank had even officially jettisoned its policy of country lending quotas. And whatever cold war agenda the Bank might have served became obsolete just a few years later. Like Rumania, the Bank was forced to revise its view of the proper size of the state. But it did not at the same time revise its view of the proper size of the World Bank. Since 1981 the volume of Bank lending has remained more or less fixed in real terms. The Bank lent $12.3 billion in 1981 and $20.8 billion in 1994. At the same time its budget has more than tripled from $435 million in 1981 to $1.39 billion in 1994. And the number of people employed by the Bank has exploded from about 5,000 to more than 10,000. There was no good reason for the Bank to grow, but it did.

Subsequently the Bank has repositioned itself superbly as the leading proponent of free-market policies in the developing world. These days, when you turn to the questionnaire prepared for Bank staff by the Bank's public relations department, you find a lot of things that sound like this:

> Q: Why has the private sector failed to develop in Africa?
> A: The private sector has been held back in Africa by the excessive involvement of the state in the economy.

And when the Bank published its report titled "The East Asian Miracle" two years ago, it stated its new view that countries such as Japan and Korea had developed so rapidly because the governments of these countries let market forces work their magic—which, of course, implies that all those World Bank loans to East Asia during the 1950s and 1960s had been unnecessary. The Japanese, especially, were unappreciative of the lesson. A senior Bank staffer told me that "the Japanese were furious. Their view is that the Bank cooked the study so that it came out the way it wanted, that it was a willful misreading of the Asian experience."

And so in one respect the authors of *Faith and Credit*—and most of the other left-wing critics—are right. The Bank is now "market-friendly," to borrow a phrase from a recent Bank publication. It now believes, more or less, that the free markets work to alleviate poverty. It backs up this belief somewhat in the advice that it gives to Third World governments. Since 1979 about one-quarter of the Bank's loans essentially have been

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bribes to poor countries to change their macroeconomic policies; the Bank calls this type of lending "structural adjustment." The structure the Bank is adjusting, however, was erected at least in part by the Bank itself. As one senior staffer put it to me, "what we say today about how to develop a country is very different from what we used to say." That is an understatement. The adjustments that the Bank insists upon are often systematically the opposite of what it once believed. (While it once advised countries to protect their markets, it now advises countries to open their markets. While it once counseled state subsidies of agriculture, it now counsels no subsidies at all.)

None of this means, of course, that the Bank's current advice is wrong. But it does mean that if a World Bank consultant in a Third World country stumbled across a World Bank-like institution, he would insist that the government do away with it before he agreed to lend it a dime. In redefining itself, the Bank has twisted itself into an exquisitely tortured pose: itself an enormous market intervention, it now intervenes in the market in the name of the market.

III.

Yet there are limits to how market-friendly the World Bank can be. For a start, its own finances are as far removed from the market as they can be. Its capital is free. It pays no dividends to the rich countries that own it. It raises the money that it lends mainly by selling bonds. World Bank bonds are not subject to ordinary market valuation but are instead guaranteed by the governments of the Bank's shareholder countries—the United States, Japan, Britain, France and so on. This arrangement ensures that the Bank maintains its AAA credit rating no matter how foolishly it behaves, and enables the Bank to borrow at rates of interest similar to those of the U.S. Treasury and far lower than those of other banks.

To the money it has borrowed in the bond markets, the World Bank tacks a fixed charge of one-quarter of a percentage point (one-half for late payers) and then passes it on to its customers. Its customers are, by definition, projects shunned by free-market bankers. In fixing its interest rates, the Bank makes no distinction between a port in Saudi Arabia and a dam in Thailand. The single distinction that it does make among its creditors is precisely the opposite of the distinction that is made by the market. Very poor creditors are eligible for even more heavily subsidized loans than merely moderately poor creditors. Thus the Bank has made it possible for the nations of sub-Saharan Africa to borrow this past year at an average interest rate of 2.9 percent, for an average term of thirty years, while the much more creditworthy governments of Europe and Central Asia carry debt with an average rate of 7 percent and an average term of sixteen years.

If you and I set out to lend money to people who couldn't borrow it elsewhere, favoring the worst of the bunch with easier terms than the rest, we would soon have no money to lend. In view of how badly ordinary commercial banks have done in the Third World, lending at much higher rates of interest to apparently creditworthy enterprises, the Bank seems doomed to failure. But it has not failed. It has accumulated $14 billion in reserves over the past fifty years. It is now the world's soundest bank by far.

The Bank's simple trick is its strongman's ability to get its money back, even from the destitute. Together with the IMF, the Bank serves as a gatekeeper to the Third World's capital markets. Any country that elects not to repay a World Bank loan soon finds itself unable to borrow elsewhere. In other words, any country that borrows money from the Bank does not have the option to default, or the price of default is so astronomically high that no country has yet attempted to do it. In fifty years the Bank has made more than 6,000 loans. Every one of them has been repaid. It has never even rescheduled a loan. Long after the right to stiff one's banker in a pinch has become enshrined in Western bankruptcy law, Third World governments behave as if they are faced with a sort of global debtor's prison. For example, in 1991 and 1992 the net flows of funds between the IBRD and sub-Saharan Africa was negative—that is to say that the bank's main lending arm got $2.2 billion more out of the bankrupt region than it put in. This financial miracle was possible only because the Bank at the same time channeled $4.4 billion in grants into the region. In effect, the Bank was repaying itself with monies appropriated from the taxpayers of its member countries.

Thus the World Bank's profits are, in effect, guaranteed. The more the Bank lends, the more it earns, no matter how stupid its loans. That it operates outside the market does not prove that the Bank is a failure. But it is cause for intense suspicion: as a rule, financial institutions have succeeded least when they have been least accountable. The Bank, less constrained by rules or by market forces even than a 1980s S&L, may be an exception. But, if it is, there is no easy way to prove it. Its financial success tells us nothing except that it is able to persuade its clients to take its money. Its clients tell us next to nothing, lest they offend their sole source of funding. Even its critics tell us little. Animated either by an irrational hatred, or an excessive faith, in free markets, they tend to generalize from the same dozen or so well-publicized (and probably well-exaggerated) World Bank projects that seemed to have harmed the poor, to an assessment of the thousands of loans the World Bank makes.

All that remains is for some honest soul with a lifetime on his hands to go out into the world and study hundreds of individual Bank loans—a kind of galloping gourmet of economic development. And yet anyone sufficiently obsessed to play this role is likely to be dismissed plausibly as a fanatic.

IV.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the Bank is now suffering an identity crisis. It is more likely now than ever before to be abolished, or have its IDA funding cut by Congress. When asked by reporters to defend their institution, World Bank staff members make several different arguments. The first and most meaningless is to adduce the Bank's financial success; the second and more interesting is that the Bank is a bargain for the government that controls it, namely ours. The United States has contributed only about $24 billion, yet we have directed nearly $400 billion in lending to the Third World. This leverage no doubt has enabled us to coerce foreigners to behave in ways that benefit us, or, at least, the successive American presidents who exercised effective control. (Like the Federal Reserve, the World Bank has been a handy source of quick money to reward foreigners for behaving well.) But it can hardly serve to persuade the other shareholding governments to continue their support of the Bank.

By far the most persuasive argument that the Bank still makes on its behalf is the one that is most difficult to prove: that it is responsible for a lot of the good things that have happened in poor countries since 1968, when the World Bank started lending into the Third World in earnest. Food production and school enrollment have doubled; 2 billion more people have clean water; infant mortality has dropped from 130 to sixty per 1,000; the incidence of poverty in Indonesia has fallen from 60 percent to 15 percent. Of course, its critics deny the bank any credit for any of this (even as they blame the bank for all the bad things that have happened in the Third World). But there is far more anecdotal evidence to support the Bank's claim than there is to

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support the claim of the critics. What is more, its new sense that some things are done better by the markets has led the Bank to shift its emphasis away from roads and dams and toward smaller scale projects in health and education, of which even its fiercest critics would approve.

Take, for example, one of the Bank's first forays into health education in 1982, a $25 million nutritional program in Tamil Nadu. The program targeted children below the age of 3. About 14 percent of the group suffered from severe malnutrition, while another 40 percent were stunted by chronic undernutrition. What was interesting about this problem was that it cut across all income groups and social classes. Unlike, say, in sub-Saharan Africa, food supplies were not scarce. It was not uncommon to find relatively well-to-do mothers who did not breast-feed their children for three days, but gave them instead sugar water. They did not need money; they needed education.

The Bank's $25 million trained 15,000 young mothers to serve as nutritional mentors in their villages, which came to one teacher for every 1,500 or so Tamil villagers. The Bank paid also for vehicles for regional supervisors, and for 15,000 scales on which the village mentors could weigh children, and identify slow growth. The government of Tamil Nadu kicked in $25 million for food. Ninety percent of the population took advantage of the new service. In three years the rate of severe malnutrition fell pretty quickly from a bit less than 14 percent to a bit more than 2 percent, and the percentage of stunted children was cut in half. Only about 20 percent of the children who went into the program ever went back; the rest were properly nourished from then on.

My point is only that you don't hear much about this project, or many other similarly successful ones from outside critics. Twenty-five million dollars bought adequate nutrition to a generation of children in a population of 17 million people, and probably permanently improved the culture's understanding of the matter. It is perhaps a bit too easy these days to forget that human suffering sometimes can be eliminated fairly cheaply by this sort of investment, which is unlikely to be made by the private sector.

The other argument for cutting the Bank a bit of slack is that it has had to teach itself as it went along. Development economics as such did not really exist before the World Bank was created. On his bookshelf in the U.S. Treasury, Lawrence Summers keeps the many editions of *Economics*, the textbook by his famous uncle Paul Samuelson. The first edition, published in 1948, mentions economic development twice, briefly. The last edition, published in 1993, devotes entire chapters to the subject. It does not fully explain why poor countries remain poor. But it comes closer every day. •

The Fire Last Time

By David Van Leer

James Baldwin: A Biography by David Leeming

(Knopf, 442 pp., $25)

James Baldwin has come to seem a minor writer. Despite a promising beginning in the 1950s with *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, his novel of religion and family life in Harlem, and the autobiographical essays of *Notes of a Native Son*, his attempts to adapt his intimate style to the more public tone of the 1960s satisfied neither radicals nor conservatives. And when in the 1970s Americans moved on to other topics, Baldwin seemed stuck in the past, recasting earlier apocalyptic warnings as elegiac lamentations over lost opportunities. Since his memorial service in 1987, black and gay critics have celebrated his historical importance as minority spokesman without saying much about the writings themselves.

The new biography by David Leeming is not likely to revive interest in Baldwin as author or cultural critic. For the most part Leeming sympathetically retells the traditional story of a promising writer betrayed by success. As a child, Baldwin was oppressed by Harlem poverty and the anti-white rage of his stepfather, David. After an adolescent retreat into evangelical preaching, Baldwin sought more lasting refuge in art, with the help of white friends such as his female teacher "Bill" Miller and an anonymous "racketeer" lover, and of black gay mentors such as the poet Countee Cullen and the painter Beauford Delaney.

His growing sense of his artistic vocation and of his homosexuality led him in his teens to distance himself from his community and church. Following an episode of racial discrimination while working near Princeton, and the death of his stepfather soon after, Baldwin made the decisive break, moving out of Harlem first to the bohemian community "downtown" in Greenwich Village, and in 1948 to the even greater permissiveness of Paris. During this period he began to associate with Richard Wright, Saul Bellow, Norman Mailer, Marlon Brando, Jean-Paul Sartre—and to make a name for himself with book reviews and essays. Winning with Wright's help a number of grants, Baldwin retreated farther—to the mountain village of his Swiss lover Lucien Happersberger, the American writers' colonies at MacDowell and Yaddo, and elsewhere—to complete three books in as many years.

These books are stylistic tours de force, employing evangelical hyperbole, Jamesian stream-of-consciousness and Hemingwayesque understatement to portray the different ways in which individuals react to cultural oppression. In the visionary ending to *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953), the protagonist leaves behind his family's racial hatred and the false consolation of religion to seek self-respect in the world at large. In the claustrophobic conclusion to *Giovanni's Room* (1956), the internalized homophobia of the bisexual narrator leads him to withdraw into himself, rejecting his straight fiancée and becoming morally complicit in the murder of his gay lover. Most important, the essays in *Notes of a Native Son* (1955) repeatedly call for the "American Negro" to "make peace with himself"—"to accept the fact that this dark and dangerous and unloved stranger [of black rage] is part of himself forever."

These early works hold individuals responsible for their fates. Reflecting on his search for a personal identity after leaving Harlem, Baldwin concluded, "It turned out that the question of who I was was not solved because I removed myself from the social forces which menaced me.... The question of who I was had at last become a personal question, and the answer was to be found in me." While seeking a producer for *The Amen Corner*, his play about Harlem evangelicalism,

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however, Baldwin became increasingly involved in group activity, and especially the American civil rights movement of the late 1950s and early 1960s. He met with Martin Luther King and Stokely Carmichael, supported CORE and SNCC, interviewed Elijah Mohammed, debated William Buckley and most famously coordinated in 1963 an unsuccessful meeting on race between Attorney General Robert Kennedy and various celebrities, including Harry Belafonte, Lena Horne and Lorraine Hansberry.

Whatever the political effects of such activism, Baldwin's writing became more concerned with the conflicts between his personal identity as an artist and his group identity as a black American. The highly integrated, multiracial, ambisexual characters of *Another Country* (1962), Baldwin's long-awaited return to fiction, continued to seek social reform through individual self-fulfillment. But the essays in *Nobody Knows My Name* (1961) tended to see cultural differences as absolute and unbridgeable. Individuals were constrained by their group identities—whether William Faulkner's as "squire of Oxford," Ingmar Bergman's as "northern Protestant," André Gide's as "male homosexual" or Norman Mailer's as "white boy." And showing surprising sympathy for the authoritarianism of the Black Muslims, the brief paired essays of *The Fire Next Time* (1963) predicted the inevitability and imminence of racial violence.

These new works betrayed a dogmatism at odds with Baldwin's previous individualism and elegance. The strain was evident in his next work, the play *Blues for Mister Charlie* (1964). Not only was the first production, by Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio, plagued by infighting, which culminated in Strasberg's public dismissal of Baldwin's text as "confused." The prose of Baldwin's cumbersome script, based on the 1955 murder of Emmett Till, felt obvious and unnuanced. Pared down from an original running time of five hours, the play seemed an exercise in white-bashing agit-prop. According to Philip Roth's dismissive review, it was merely soap opera for the Black Muslim nation.

After the mid-1960s, Baldwin was a figure in retreat. Established in the popular imagination as America's leading "authority" on the race question, he was eagerly quoted by journalists and sought out by undergraduates. But his writing had lost its focus and direction. His final novels suffered from the formlessness already detectable in *Another Country*, while his essay collections felt shrill and repetitive. Unable to finance his film script on Malcolm X or publish his final play, he lived in seclusion in Istanbul and later in Saint-Paul-de-Vence, preoccupied by a series of brief relations with younger men, and by the time-consuming attentions of fans and flatterers.

Leeming's cautious biography deviates little from this traditional account of Baldwin's career. Leeming was Baldwin's secretary during the Istanbul years, the dedicatee of one of the late novels, and with Baldwin in his final days. His closeness has afforded him new anecdotes, but no special insight into the pain of those declining years. Although more concerned with literary analysis than Baldwin's previous biographers have been, Leeming offers surprisingly bland readings of Baldwin's writing.

The most sensational aspect of this biography—Leeming's candor about Baldwin's sex life—is equally unilluminating. Leeming's meticulous enumeration of Baldwin's affairs with indistinguishable Arnolds, Roberts, Jeans and Joes quickly turns tedious, for he does not interpret this sexual material any more deeply than he reads the literary texts. Leeming doesn't try to understand what Baldwin saw in a string of sexual partners who, while not homosexual, were "sometimes willing to act homosexually"; he does not even explain what he thinks to be the difference between acting homosexual and being so. As a result Baldwin's sexuality seems even less important than it does in those accounts that repress it altogether. Faceless male lovers come and go, but Baldwin's significant ties are to those friends with whom he was not sexually intimate, a group in which Leeming conspicuously places himself.

There are three things wrong with Leeming's biography—apart from the fact that we've pretty much heard it all before. For the early years, about which Baldwin wrote most fully, Leeming accepts Baldwin's autobiographical accounts at face value. There is little attempt to distinguish between historical events and Baldwin's subsequent reshaping of them. For the later years, in which Baldwin's life may have gotten in the way of his writing, Leeming spends so much time establishing the facts that he never gets around to considering the literature. By offering no extended textual analysis, for example, Leeming makes it seem as if *Blues for Mister Charlie* failed as a work of art because Baldwin had a crush on his leading actor. And on the bigger question of whether art and politics are inevitably at odds, Leeming takes no position one way or the other.

Leeming's work disappoints as literary biography because it subordinates the literature to the biography. In so doing, however, Leeming only reflects popular opinion. After the 1970s, one did not so much read Baldwin as know "Jimmy"—the senior statesman, raconteur and celebrity to be tracked down in not-so-remote corners of Europe and Massachusetts. This personalization has increased with time. Since his death eight years ago, no fewer than three full-length biographies have appeared, along with numerous shorter reminiscences. During the same period there have been no new editions of his work (although Vintage is in the process of issuing one), his collected essays have never become available in paperback, and considerable work remains unpublished. At this point we have to ask why we are so interested in Jimmy's personality and so indifferent to Baldwin's works.

Part of the problem is shortsightedness. When Baldwin first appeared, he was hailed as one of the best contemporary black writers. Critics have not subsequently revised that pigeonholing to see him as one of his generation's finest writers, regardless of color. Yet our problem with Baldwin involves less what we mean by calling him a "black writer" than what he meant by calling himself one. In accepting his role as a "minority" writer, Baldwin seemed to contradict his own racial politics. For the most part Baldwin was critical of any attempt to divide black from white. As he said in an early critical essay on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "it must be remembered that the oppressed and the oppressor are bound together within the same society; they accept the same criteria, they share the same beliefs, they both alike depend on the same reality."

In his belief that the races were bound together, he dismissed as ahistorical any project to unite blacks across cultures. Responding negatively to the characterization of racial experience merely as victimization, he rejected the pan-Africanism of Aimé Cesaire.

> He had not raised the central tremendous question, which was, simply: What had this colonial experience made of [blacks] and what were they now to do with it?... Cesaire's speech left out of account one of the great effects of the colonial experience: its creation, precisely, of men like himself.

Sometimes Baldwin could be upbeat about the effects of colonialism; he concluded in *Notes of a Native Son* that "the history of the American Negro problem is not merely shameful, it is also something of an achievement." But even in his less sanguine moments he insisted that blacks "were all, now, whether they liked it or not, related to Europe, stained

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by European visions and standards, and their relation to themselves, and to each other, and to their past had changed."

Baldwin's skepticism about racial dichotomies (and Afrocentricity) appealed to the liberal imagination. It seemed to promote assimilation and respect the good intentions of individuals. Such appearances were misleading. Baldwin was willing to talk broadly about an integrated society and imply that we were all in the boat of culture together. But such togetherness did not imply that different groups had the same problems or even the same goals. For Baldwin, assimilation reinforced white America's racist sense of possessing an intrinsic value that minorities need and want. His insistence that blacks save themselves did not exonerate white society of racism.

True integration, far from offering blacks access to a culture they do not admire, revises the standards of both cultures. Such transformation is harder for whites to accept than blacks. If at first Baldwin acted as a "native" informant about black culture, he later became more concerned with exposing white self-ignorance. As he says in *The Fire Next Time*, "Whatever white people do not know about black people reveals, precisely and inexorably, what they do not know about themselves." Such ignorance made white culture both unassimilable and unappealing: "Do I really want to be integrated into a burning house?" Baldwin did not condone racial hatred, but neither would he deny its existence.

Baldwin's resistance to white assimilation was most central where it was least apparent—in his elegant prose. Baldwin's style was regularly criticized. Mailer's complaint that Baldwin was too accommodating—that he never would say "fuck you" to the reader—probably says more about Mailer than about Baldwin. As Baldwin politely reminded Mailer, it marked middle-class anxiety about a "black boy's" immediate access to a poetic street language that the "white negro" could only imitate. More revealing were Langston Hughes's objections that Baldwin's prose was both too white and too black. Hughes dismissed *Go Tell It on the Mountain* as "a low-down book in a velvet bag" but later complained: "Hey Jimmy: / Ain't you heard? / RACE and ART / Are far apart."

Resenting Baldwin's claim that his poetry was insufficiently political, Hughes countered that Baldwin's polemics were aesthetically crude. In so doing Hughes at least recognized that Baldwin aspired to a uniquely black style. Race and art might be far apart, but Baldwin's prose, like Hughes's, sought to link them. Unlike Ralph Ellison, whose literary models include Emerson, Melville and other writers of the high American canon, Baldwin drew primarily on black idioms—of the spiritual, evangelical preaching and jazz. His linguistic imitations of sermons and music were comparable to those of his white contemporaries, most notably Mailer and the Beats. But he was more successful at reproducing those rhythms. And his political goal was different from theirs. White writers wished to dissociate themselves from a mainstream tradition they felt had become depleted. Baldwin wished his tradition to stand on its own as another mainstream.

DRAWING BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It is in terms of his resistance to assimilation that we must understand the other striking characteristic of his work, his use of homosexuality. Baldwin did not consider sexuality the same kind of problem as race. Although he actively campaigned for civil rights, he was less involved in gay liberation. Homophobia was real, but it was not for him so central to the American character as racism. One was not homosexual to the same degree that one was black. As he often said, "homosexual" might be a verb—something one did—but it was not a noun—something one was at every moment of one's life.

Baldwin's sense that homosexuality was not "like" ethnicity kept him from wholeheartedly supporting gay politics. Yet he did use his sexual difference more generally to prevent the mainstream from too easily coopting him. *Giovanni's Room*, his second novel, most shocked readers for being uninterested in shocking them. Refusing the ghetto setting expected of the African American writer, Baldwin told instead the quintessentially Hemingwayesque story of white expatriates in Paris. The book has puzzled both gay readers, who find its depiction of the homosexual subculture too judgmental, and mainstream critics, who find it not judgmental enough. But in fact the book exists precisely to deny that minority fiction pleads a case or indeed that it fits any predetermined mold. Although the book does reflect one aspect of Baldwin's identity, it is the last kind of story we'd expect from the author of *Go Tell It on the Mountain*.

Such a redefinition of his authorial identity was not so much a lesson for the black community. It was directed more immediately at his white readers, who, having settled that Baldwin was a "Negro writer," needed a certain kind of book from him. Attacking traditional dichotomies, Baldwin asked his readers to think about the ways in which the opposite of white might not be "black" but "gay." After the all-white *Giovanni's Room*, readers have to consider carefully what they mean by "black fiction." Baldwin understood his audience well: his white American sponsors, "as a favor to me," refused at first to publish the novel.

Baldwin is undeniably a minor writer, but not through any lack of talent: he stands among the very best of his generation. He is "minor" because he chose to write as a minority—to make his audiences constantly aware of the differences between them and him. Not a spokesperson for any of his many identities, Baldwin told difficult truths to the

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black, gay and white American communities to teach them of their interdependence. In *Just Above My Head*, Baldwin's last novel and one of the few that depicts sexual relations between black men, the straight black narrator speaks to his son about his brother's homosexuality. "You want the truth, I'm trying to tell you the truth—anyway, let me tell you, baby, I'm proud of my brother, your uncle, and I'll be proud of him until the day I die. You should be, too. Whatever the fuck your uncle was, and he was a whole lot of things, he was nobody's faggot."

This final phrase has proved particularly resonant, and not only for gay African Americans seeking to end the silence surrounding their existence. It marks more generally Baldwin's belief that minority identity can only be harmful when one internalizes as self-hatred other peoples' fears of difference. In "nobody knows my name," Baldwin sought merely to register his cultural invisibility. In "nobody's faggot," he implied more powerfully that all labels work to hold in intellectual bondage groups that no longer can be dominated physically. Like his final hero, Baldwin is nobody's faggot because he is nobody's. Biography attempts to repossess Baldwin—to reduce him to the sociable "Jimmy," everyone's favorite host and prophet. But, in the diversity of his writing and the truculence of his prose, he resists all attempts to make him "ours."

DAVID VAN LEER is professor of English at University of California, Davis, and the author of *The Queening of America*, forthcoming from Routledge.

The Countess of Hate

BY EUGEN WEBER

The Notorious Life of Gyp: Right-Wing Anarchist in Fin-de-Siècle France by Willa Z. Silverman

(Oxford University Press, 352 pp., $27.50)

Sybille-Gabrielle Marie-Antoinette de Riquetti de Mirabeau, Comtesse de Martel de Janville, who was born in 1849 and died in 1932, wrote 100 novels, twenty plays, four volumes of recollections, hundreds of articles and political pamphlets. Her chatty fiction was dismissed as unreadable by Ezra Pound, but it was praised by the likes of Anatole France and Henry James, who enjoyed the athletic, unconventional heroines and the cheeky boys featured in her books. Elegant, eccentric, intelligent, anachronistic, physical (her "muscular arms" make several appearances in this book), the woman who wrote under the pen-name of Gyp deserves a biography. The two indifferent ones in French are practically inaccessible, and Willa Z. Silverman's life is the first one to appear in English. It is flawed, but it is thoroughly researched and well worth the detour for its portrait of a provoking woman who faced life on her own terms: strong-minded, stubborn, witty and perverse—a proto-feminist more interested in personal than collective self-assertion.

The last direct descendant of a great Provencal dynasty turned out, alas, to be of the female sex: an essential handicap, since the family name was bound to die with her. Silverman rightly considers this crucial to the development of a personality that suffered for her sex and spent a good deal of time and energy overcompensating for an irreparable liability.

Raised in the backwoods of Brittany by a legitimist father, Sybille-Gabrielle, dressed as a Breton peasant boy, had been presented at the age of 10, in 1859, before Henri V, the last Bourbon pretender to the throne of France, who held court at Frohsdorf in Austria. Legitimists were about God and King: a French God and a Most Christian King. The year after the Frohsdorf audience, Gabrielle's father died fighting for the pope. The last of the Mirabeaus grew up a tomboy, disliking the widowed mother who would have dearly loved a son, and worshiping her grandfather, a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, who imbued her with a mixture of reactionary legitimism and sentimental Bonapartism.

An avid reader from the first, frustrated by the limits that a conventional family imposed, she proved rebellious in convent school and grew up "religious without being pious"—different in this as in other respects from other ladies of her station. Religion was a matter of manners, but also of public spirit. All her life she would be a Catholic, but above all a French patriot: Catholic because she was profoundly and insistently French, but Catholic also because, in an age when threatening popular masses lapped ever higher round beleaguered classes, the Church represented a bastion of the right, and militant allegiance to it was an assertion of resistance and reaction.

Outside the family, though, there was little to resist while Gabrielle was young. She grew up under the Second Empire of Napoleon III, which she found very much to her taste: "I loved a government that made life easy and gay." (We have since learned to observe that it was less so for many poor people.) By the 1870s, this was what happened to Gabrielle: an unsuccessful war, followed by a humiliating peace, ushered in middle-class democracy under a Third Republic that replaced the empire and made life less easy for those of her social class. Another legitimist lady, the Duchesse de Maillé, had once observed that it was not the lower classes that represented a threat, but the middle classes whose growing prominence was "quite sufficient for the troubles we undergo." This is an aspect of Gyp's experience that could have received greater attention. The presumptuous aspirations of bumbling bourgeois, irresistible at the ballot box, have always attracted the derision of déclassé (or réclassé) intellectuals. Gyp was no exception.

Silverman shows greater interest in Gabrielle's private frustrations. She argues that "gender and ideology meshed": identification with the reactionary, authoritarian right went with assertion of unattainable maleness. Deliberate anachronism went with emphasis on a reaction that was running out of steam. Gyp, in such a view, lived in contradiction with her age and with herself. Feminist and misogynist, she repudiated her gender, its powerlessness, its restrictions, its corsets, as she repudiated the modernity of times that changed too fast. She rejected republics, parliaments, electricity, automobiles and even fountain pens. (She preferred a goose quill dipped in violet ink.)

Saving money and making money were a leitmotif of secretly straitened lives like her own. Genteel poverty forced her widowed mother to earn money in one of the few ways open to a lady: writing under a male pseudonym. "Use of a male pen name," comments Silverman, "symbolized these women writers' desire to fashion their own identity in a society in which 'woman' was

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largely a construct shaped by others." Perhaps. It was certainly a way to avoid derogation while earning the income that dead or wastrel husbands failed to provide. Wives and children were, as Francis Bacon put it long ago, bills of charges. Too many men failed to pay their bills, leaving their charges in the lurch, as Gabriel's father did, as her husband would. These Mirabeau women seem to have been fated to find husbands who let them down.

At 18, Gabrielle accepted marriage as a financial arrangement, and as a financial arrangement it failed. Although marriage restricted a woman's liberty, she hoped at least that it would keep her comfortable; in any case, old maidenhood would have left her under the thumb of mother and family and would have restricted her liberty more. Unfortunately, the young Norman nobleman with whom she shared a taste for horses was vacuous, stupid and spendthrift. "I married because I was determined to have children." She had three. Thereafter, the ill-suited couple agreed to lead separate lives, Roger's riding, shooting, drinking and cheating sanctioning Gabrielle's determination to "use my body as I saw fit." Numerous affairs, implied rather than described in the book, would testify to the young woman's spirit of enterprise.

Silverman tells us more than once that her heroine was a man trapped in a woman's body, and clearly the imprisoning body was an attractive one. (She posed for Carpeaux as a nymph; for other men as fetchingly.) What made her unusual, though, was that she insisted on behaving like her eighteenth-century ancestors, whose willful and witty womenfolk enjoyed far greater freedom of movement and adventure than their nineteenth-century successors. However convenient Gabrielle's marital arrangements, though, Roger's wasteful ways quickly designated her as her family's sole provider. So, like her mother, she turned to writing—and success.

To maintain the facade of an elegant and leisured life, Gabrielle the Countess turned into Gyp the scribbler, working as journalist, caricaturist, painter, children's novelist, writing for the stage, for the frothy *Vie Parisienne*, for Drumont's biliously Judeophobic *Libre Parole*. Her best sellers were *romans dialogués*: novels of rapid-fire dialogue, swift-moving, entertaining, topical, loosely structured, vaguely plotted. They featured discontinuous narrative and emphatic punctuation!!! Her characters were conventionally unconventional or vice-versa: androgynous men, boyish women and equines as full of character as their two-legged pals. Her books could be picked up as easily as they could be put down, and they sold like hotcakes. More unexpectedly, the cryptic descriptions that often read like stage directions anticipated the shape of things to come. Written during the 1880s and '90s, before the cinema, invented in 1895, had become familiar, Gyp's scripts offered short bites for short attention spans, a foretaste of approaches to be suggested by Henri Bergson and developed by Roger Martin du Gard.

And then there were her Jews: ominous, grotesque, ludicrously menacing, rigged out in names as exaggerated as their accents, and as emblematic and debased—not least in their gibberish. They were matched by the flaccid aristocratic snobs who—parasites of parasites—despised and preyed on them. Gyp pioneered and then perfected the anti-Semitic novels that swelled the profits of her Jewish publishers, the house of Calmann-Levy—one of the most innovative and respected members of the book trade, grown rich on Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* as on Renan's life of Jesus. Silverman finds her anti-Semitism repulsive, as she well may, but obviously fascinating. She dwells on it, she analyzes it, but references to sexual anxiety or "angry and fearful distortion of her own sexuality" don't take us very far.

Gyp was a nationalist: that is, she carried patriotism to extremes that included rejection of Jews, along with other allegedly foreign elements. How much does that tell us? Silverman describes her nationalism as exclusive and ethnocentric and cosmopolitan by tradition, witness Gabrielle's and her mother's cordial relations with Germans occupying Nancy in 1871. So things were more complicated; and Silverman admits as much when she presents Gyp's phobia as overdetermined: "The Jewish scapegoat of her invention was a dual symbol of her impotence as a woman," her "helplessness" (but she proved resourceful), her "acute sense of marginality" (but she was socially successful), her hatred of "oppressors" (but these included, beside Jews, Protestants, Masons, metics [resident foreigners] and graduates of the Ecole Polytechnique); and of her "simultaneous embrace and condemnation of power, rooted in her ambivalence toward gender."

The trouble with this sort of explanation is that it saves the trouble of looking for explanations. Jews lived in Gaul long before Franks crossed into it. Yet the people of David were also the brood of Judas, condemned as deicides and scorned as resident aliens in Christian society. As society (though not Gyp) grew less Christian, other charges piled up: for French nationalists, Jews were associated with the German foe whose speech was like their speech. For reactionaries, Jews were identified with the Revolution that emancipated them but also killed the father-king. For castigators of modernity, Jews were symbols of aggressive modernity; and their association with capital and money power was particularly repulsive. Silverman is aware of this but fails to enlarge on it, to focus on Gyp's nauseous nationalist friends, great money-grubbers themselves busy denouncing money-grubbing Jews: dishonorable, disreputable, dishonest men projecting their vices on others.

Silverman never addresses the attractive-repulsive role of money in the perceptions and the self-perceptions of the French. The French do not need socialists to tell them that money is vulgar, and capital is bad: they are anti-capitalists from way back, and the aristocracy showed them the way. Money is the great problem of the post-

The Words

(In memory of T. Carmi)

Jerusalem, the stone of losses,
every line as near as my right hand;

the beauty of the earth
that was not also torn away,

the tree whose branches
run over the wall; and in the shade

the choking laughter,
unforgettable between the words,

the chosen signature of breath,
the smoke of Europe

in a swollen, unfamiliar light,
the crease around the eyes

for obstinacy, courage,
and their opposites

still faltering
between the mortar and the flesh

that cannot turn away,
the blood like nightfall

that will not be lifted from the dust,
—and you now part of it forever,

word for word, repeatable;
there is no other city for the dead.

PETER SACKS

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Revolutionary age. All want it, but only the most vulgar or emancipated will admit it; and the late nineteenth century was too late for nobles to admit what once had been natural need and greed. Enough of an aristocrat to appreciate money, enough of a reactionary to be ashamed of it, Gyp must have resented the traditional representatives of rootless capital with particular force. Only the rabidity of her anti-Semitism set her apart from those contemporaries who scorned anti-Semites for showing more animus toward Jews than was necessary.

Silverman feels that feelings so excessive call for explanation. I quite agree, but jargon and fiddledee don't help. Gyp's writing is straightforward, pungent. Silverman refers to gender identity and internalizing projects, and Silverman comes out second best. I come no closer to a satisfactory explanation than she does, but I prefer more factual speculations. Need we explain the anti-Semitic episodes in Gyp's novels as "powerful revelations of her own self-hatred," when Silverman makes clear that anti-Semitism paid off in royalties, and lays out Gyp's long relationship with the Calmann-Levys, who loathed her prejudices but adored her sales? Gyp's anti-Semitism was visceral, yes. It also worked profitably when it matched the cultural and political prejudices of her reading public.

Yet one can hazard more. Legitimists hated Orléanists more than they hated Republicans, and they despised "wet" moderation more than they hated reds. They preferred the absence of a monarchy to a monarchy that was not their own, and an absence of order to an order that was not their own. Since they could never restore their legitimate Bourbon king, his white flag and his fleurs-de-lis, they remained eternal spoilers: what Silverman calls Anarchists. Jews were, in mid-nineteenth-century France, identified with Orléanism, the party of the junior branch and rival of the Bourbons; and this was the case of the Calmann-Levys (cutthroats and usurers, Gyp called them), who were close to the Orléans princes.

But there was worse. Gyp's family connections with Nantes were very close, and in 1832 Nantes was the site of a legitimist disaster. After the Duchesse de Berry had attempted, and failed, to unseat her Orléans cousin, Louis-Philippe, who made himself king of the French in 1830, and thus deprived her son (the one young Gabrielle visited at Frohsdorf) of his inheritance, she repaired to Nantes. There her hiding place was revealed—for a payment by a rabbi's son. Faded from history today, the fatal denunciation of Simon Deutz was a betrayal that legitimists did not soon forget. Thus, the treacherous Jew joined the usurious Jew, religious and social prejudice were embittered by political rancor. The rabid anti-Semitism of the Comtesse de Martel de Janville had sources more concrete than powerlessness or ambivalence toward gender.

It remains true that the powerless and helpless, especially when aware that they were not so before, are most implacable in their fierce resentments. As Silverman points out, Gyp personifies the new right of the fin de siècle, radical, authoritarian, populist. Silverman suggests that the void left by her father's death led Gabrielle to seek strong paternal authority, while the sense of powerlessness and oppression as woman and daughter led her to challenge it. She describes her heroine as "a hybrid: an authoritarian anarchist." But hybrids are composed of incongruous elements, while authoritarianism and anarchism can go quite well together, especially in characters who recognize no order other than their own private law: privilege.

To say that a person has a strong character can mean that they have a truculent character. Gyp's acerbity, her furious cut and thrust, made enemies who struck back. Ideological conflict turned physical. She was shot at, attacked by a vitrioleuse who threw sulphuric acid at her; she was kidnapped, but escaped and the story was reported in *The New York Times*. The fin de siècle furnished plenty of opportunities for Gyp to test her private anarchism against those practicing it in public. She appreciated the violence of terrorist anarchists, the insolence of their challenges, their propaganda by the deed, their populist anti-Semitism; but not their anti-clericalism, anti-militarism, pacifism. Right-wing defiance of the "established disorder" was more her cup of tea. In the late 1880s she waxed enthusiastic over Georges Boulanger, "a substitute father," the popular, populist general who briefly menaced the Republic, then was deflated. In the late 1890s she found an even more exciting cause in opposing revision of Captain Dreyfus's ill-judged sentence, and in defending the army against its detractors. Patriotism ranked before justice. Assuming, that is, that an injustice could have been committed against a congenitally treacherous race.

This was when French politics became a contact sport, when Gyp's anti-Semitism boiled over in slanderous diatribes that swiftly rose to violence ("Throw a few Jews into the river ... and you will see how fast things simmer down"), and when her fantasies explicitly traced the murder of political foes (she dreamed of bludgeoning to death Joseph Reinach, one of the most visible supporters of Dreyfus). Drumont's vicious, anti-Semitic *Libre Parole* became too staid for her. She moved to a more frenzied rag, *L'Antijuif*, to scream ever more shrilly. At 50, bearing witness in a political trial, Gyp was asked her profession, and she responded: "Anti-Semite!"

But demented anti-Semitism deflated as Boulangism had done, leaving the middle-aged crackpot stranded among the dregs of the nationalist and anti-Semitic movements, as strapped for cash as ever. On the far right, the Dreyfus affair had hatched a would-be royalist-populist movement more authoritarian, insolent, anarchist than Gyp had ever dreamed. Alas, the *Action Française* was not for her. Its leader Charles Maurras hailed Gyp's works as a breviary of political wisdom, but his Orléanism would not do at all. In her works she ridiculed fake royalists of that ilk and their pseudo-storm troops, the Camelots du Roi.

Consistency may be the hobgoblin of small minds, but Gyp was not exactly little-minded. By automatically resolving some questions, the unexamined judgments that we call prejudice leave the mind free to grapple with other questions. Consistency in prejudice may simply be a way of handling the emotional economy of the spirit, albeit an addled spirit: a form of thrift few manage to avoid. True to herself, Gyp continued to turn out "at least" two novels per year until her death in 1932. But remaining the same when times change around you is a recipe for aging—at least in the public's eye. War in 1914, in which she lost a son, came as a relief. "How I love destruction, tumult, blows. What a splendid occasion!"

By the end of the war, she had become, as Silverman's last chapter has it, "The Old Fossil." But geriatric hibernation was not Gyp's style. Even when she was bedridden, her house remained full of children, cats and guests. Irrepressible, she seems to have proved almost as alluring as an aged monument as she had been as a young rebel. Yet death would not come, and that bothered her: "Dying is difficult, and takes a long time." It seems that her son, a distinguished surgeon, appropriately gave directions to abbreviate the wait. She was a fortunate woman.

EUGEN WEBER is the author most recently of *The Hollow Years: France in the 1930s* (W.W. Norton).

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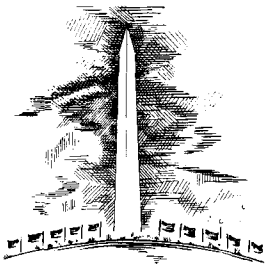
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Nasty girls

WHY DOESN'T ANYONE WANT TO watch "My So-Called Life," the glossy new teenage angst show that tops ABC's Thursday night lineup? Critics love its clever camera angles, its profound observations, its minimalist, guitar-based theme music by W. G. Snuffy Walden. *The New York Times* has even dubbed Angela Chase, the show's pimply protagonist, "A Female Holden Caulfield for the 1990s." Alas, the show's Nielsen ratings—ninety-fifth out of 103 prime-time shows on a good night—has prompted ABC executives to hint, not unreasonably, that they will scrap the struggling series. "For me, the prospect of not being a part of these characters' lives on a weekly basis is something I don't look forward to," consoled network Vice President Stuart Bloomberg last month. Then again, neither is weekly drubbings by reruns of "One West Waikiki."

TO HEAR THE CRITICS TELL IT, "MY So-Called Life" failed because it was somehow too harrowingly authentic in its portrayal of teenage melancholia. Teenagekind cannot bear very much reality. "At times [the show] creates such a painful mirror-image of adolescence that many ... can't bear revisiting the discomfort," elegized Howard Rosenberg in *The Los Angeles Times* last month. *Newsday* critic Marvin Kitman offered: "Generation X people hate 'My So-Called Life' because it's too realistic.... They like 'Smelrose Place' with its vapid people having vapid conversations."

MORE VAPID THAN THIS: "SOMEtimes it seems like we're all living in some sort of prison, and the crime is how much we hate ourselves"? These are the pearls lisped by Angela, the star of MSCL, at the beginning of an episode about self-esteem. By the end, of course, she knows that "when you really look closely, people are so strange and so complicated that they're actually beautiful." Give me Traci Lords. With her Moyers-esque beatitudes, Angela is less a real 15-year-old than a ventriloquist for the show's boomer writers. Watching a JFK speech, Angela sighs, "It makes me almost jealous.... It was a better time then. People knew what they were supposed to do and how to make the world better." It's not surprising to learn that "Life's" creative team was also the force behind "thirtysomething," that late-'80s whining yuppie drama. "School is a battlefield," Angela fusses in one episode. "A battlefield—*for your heart.*" "I've never really hurt somebody this bad before," sobs Rayanne to Angela, by way of apology for looking at her cross-eyed. "But I guess you can't really hurt someone this bad—unless you *really matter to them.*" During another show, a friend asks Angela if popping a pimple will cause a scar. "Anything causes a scar," is her reply. "*Living* causes a scar." "You know what I'd really like?" she snuffled in a recent episode on kiddie depression. "To be put out of my misery." Happily, she will shortly be granted her wish.



REAL KIDDIE LIFE, with its panting psychodramas of betrayal and hatred, is, of course, much closer to the campy hysteria of "Melrose Place." I was reminded of this when my parents sold our old home last month. They shipped me a number of boxes, one of which contained all the notes I received during a brief spell of pubescent popularity. Here, the sickly downlift of "My So-Called Life" is nowhere to be found. True, the notes are written in pink and gold ink on stationery decorated with droopy-eyed puppies and kitty cats in raincoats. They are signed F/F (Friends Forever), F/A (Friends Always) or, thrillingly, B/F/A (Best Friends Always). But underneath this carapace of cuteness lurks the true face of kiddie life. "Dear Ruthie," a friend writes. "We hate Beth. In gym class, we sit there and yell 'bitch' at her. All she ever does is pretend she can't hear us. We also yell 'cock-sucking hussy.' But that's not all. We make up new things to yell at her. She NEVER does anything. Try it sometime." Here's another: "Hi! At basketball practice yesterday, Jill was getting undressed and she was wearing her sister's bra. It was all puffed out because it did not fit. Then, in practice she was wearing her brother's football shirt! The only reason she goes to the library during study hall is because she wants to stay away from us. P.S. This pen I'm writing with is supposed to smell like minty evergreen."

MOVE OVER, AMANDA. "DEAR Ruthie," begins a note on "21 Bun Salute" stationery, "I know you hate me. Everyone's been telling me all the things you say about me behind my back. (1) That's stupid of her. (2) Ect, Ect. I don't need a friend like that. I've never said anything about you behind your back accept things that I could say right to your face! P.S. I still want to borrow your striped legwarmers if it's all right." Another pal is equally blunt. "Dear Ruthie: I don't know WHAT you're talking about. Are you trying to make me feel guilty?!!! Do I have to be nice to you every second?!??? No, you didn't do anything, and no, I DON'T hate you. Sometimes I'm in a bad mood 'cause my life STINKS! I still like you a lot and want to be friends with you. P.S. What do you want for Christmas?"

THOSE WHO CLAMORED TOO eagerly to be befriended did not fare well. "Dear Ruthie," conspired one pal. "Do you like Amy a lot? She's bugging me! She always says she wants to be GREAT friends with me, Rachel and Mimi. Like, I get the message! I'm really sick of her!" Soon they got sick of me. Until March of the eighth grade, I was a happy member of my school's reigning elite lounging each morning with a group of my popular friends near a jungle gym at the base of the playground. Alas, my clique was an especially volatile and mean-spirited one, befriending new girls and then turning on them maniacally. Jill was the first to get the ax. Next came Beth. Then, one morning, it was my turn. When I approached the tight little knot of girls who had gathered near the swingset, they coldly turned their backs. Later in the day, they began to wage a campaign against me. Instead of passing me notes and friendship pins, they congregated behind me in music class, assaulting my chair with furious little kicks. During those terrible weeks, I ate lunch in the bathroom so no one would see that I was eating alone.

EVENTUALLY, OF COURSE, I FOUND a new set of friends. They wrote me notes, too—silly, beseeching valentines, drained of all the cool crowd's droll savagery. "Dear Ruthie," crooned one of my new chums, "You seem kind of depressed. Just remember, you're a very nice person, and that's what counts the most! If you ever want to be cheered up you can ask me to. That's what true friends are for!" "You're always there when I need you," cooed another. "I owe you much thanks. For how you've brittened up my life! Thanks for being there—and thanks for being my friend." I think they grew up to be T.V. scriptwriters.

RUTH SHALIT

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Sink or Swim

In "Learning to Teach," a public television documentary that follows three teachers through their first year in the Baltimore County public schools, producer John Merrow hits the nail on the head. Most people know about teaching from the students' vantage point; Merrow conveys the realities of life from the other side of the desk. Indeed, watching his teachers get ready for opening day brought back the feeling I had in my stomach before my first class—and reminded me of what a colleague told me during the early weeks of school: "The first year is always hell."

Almost every other profession has a better system of induction for new members than teaching.

Merrow's beginning teachers know their subjects, and they are enthusiastic about their new profession. Paul, a 27-year-old engineer who used to train Navy personnel on nuclear submarines, has taken a $20,000 pay cut to become a high school math teacher because he wants to help young people learn. Leo, a church choir director and former clothing store manager, would like to be remembered for something more than selling coats and believes that teaching music in elementary school will offer that. Chris, a young gym teacher from a small town in upper New York State, talks about how eager she is to meet her students and begin work.

But their first year of teaching puts their enthusiasm to some severe tests, from the terrible day when they face their first classes to the formal evaluation when they teach a prepared lesson in front of a group of supervisors, hoping desperately that they won't mess up. (Chris does.) Easy-going Leo finds out that second graders can make him angrier than he ever imagined, and Chris, who has to struggle to keep order in her middle school gym classes, discovers that parents will believe their kids even when the youngsters are lying. Paul is repelled by the cynicism of some of his colleagues and dismayed to find that there are kids in his classes who seem to have no interest in learning. At the end of the year, Leo and Chris are upbeat. Paul, the most idealistic and—in some ways—the most gifted of the three, considers abandoning teaching although we find, at the end of the program, that he returned the following year.

"Learning to Teach" shows that little has changed since I was a first-year teacher, and it reveals an enormous and costly failure in our system for inducting new members of the teaching profession. Merrow's teachers were expected to figure out things for themselves; they were tossed in to sink or swim. The formal evaluation? That was nothing more than a charade. The evaluators showed up in class at a prearranged time to see a lesson prepared for their benefit and then gave a formal statement about how well the new teachers were doing. This kind of evaluation would probably have alerted the evaluators to a teacher who was a total incompetent or a maniac, but it was not designed to offer the concrete and ongoing help that new teachers need. Only Chris speaks about the support her department chairman gave her when she was in trouble. The other two are isolated in their classrooms. Instead of being able to benefit from the experience of others, they have to sort out their questions and problems as best they can.

A teacher's education is only beginning when he or she takes a first job, and we need to get all teachers—and especially the new ones—out of self-contained classrooms so they can interact with their colleagues. I'm not talking about bull sessions in the teachers' room—though they can be helpful in letting off steam. I mean giving teachers time to share ideas and questions about their teaching, all the way from "How should I approach this poem by Robert Frost with my ninth graders?" to "What should I expect of kids in this class?" Without a chance to reflect on their practice and discuss it with more experienced colleagues, new teachers will have a hard time finding their footing. And they are likely to fall back on techniques they saw their own teachers use, whether or not these techniques worked. This can get them off to a bad start from which they may never recover.

Almost every other profession has a better system of induction for new members than teaching. Most offer some kind of internship that provides lots of help from experienced colleagues and allows beginners to ease into accepting full responsibilities. If teaching is ever to be a profession in the sense that medicine and law are, beginning teachers need a chance to learn what constitutes good practice with the help of accomplished colleagues instead of being forced to figure everything out for themselves.

To order "Learning to Teach," call 1-800-553-7752 or send $29.95, plus $2.50 shipping and handling, to SCETV Marketing, Box 11000, Columbia, SC 29211.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1995 by Albert Shanker.

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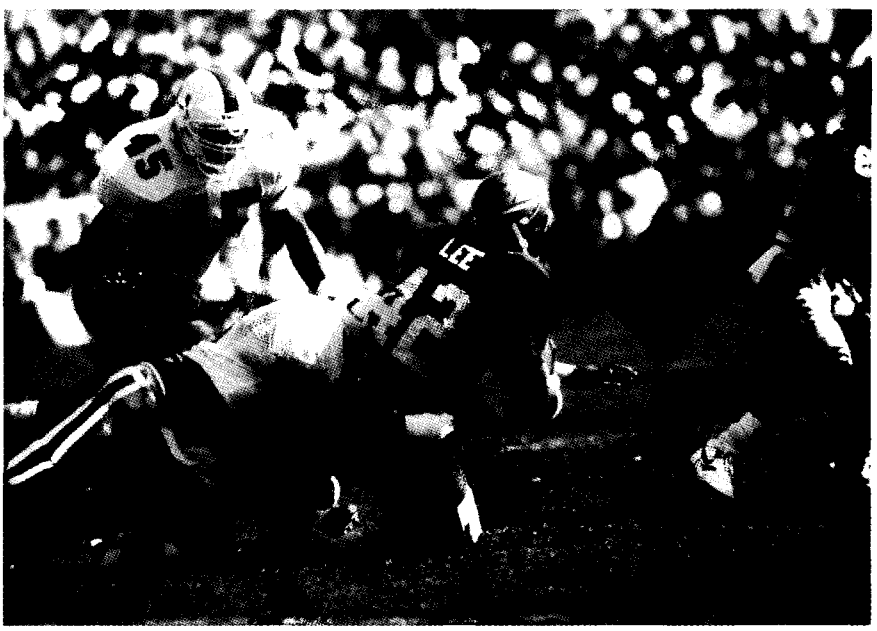
Turning Dreams into Realities



The "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program encourages student athletes to take the lessons learned on the football field today and teach children in the classrooms tomorrow.

Encouraging Student Athletes to Become Teachers

During his three years as nose guard on Louisiana State University's football team, John Mawae came to know the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. But nothing moved him more than working with disabled children in a Special Olympics held at LSU. "Seeing those kids realize their dreams against all odds really got to me," Mawae recalls. "I knew then what I wanted to do: help kids like them realize their dreams."

Mawae will get that chance, thanks in part to the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program created by the College Football Association (CFA) and sponsored by Hitachi, Ltd. Started last academic year, the program awards $335,000 in scholarships at the 67 CFA member universities. At each university, a $5,000 scholarship is awarded to an outstanding senior or graduate student who intends to become a teacher and has participated in the school's football program as a player, trainer, or manager. Mawae, a 1992 scholarship recipient, intends to use his grant to pursue a career teaching kids with special needs.

"Teaching plays an important but undervalued role in society," says Charles M. Neinas, the CFA's executive director. "We'd like to encourage more student athletes to pursue this field, because we think that what they learn on the football field helps to make them effective teachers in the classroom."

Nicole Hagner, a recent University of Pittsburgh graduate, agrees. "Athletics teaches you that it's possible to turn the right dream into a reality through hard work, discipline and teamwork. I'd like to bring that lesson to the classroom," she says. Hagner, who served as a student trainer on Pitt's football team, plans to use her grant to become certified as a high school biology teacher.

Nicole Hagner, University of Pittsburgh graduate and 1992 scholarship recipient.

As college football fans and parents of school-age children, we are proud to be a part of the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program. We hope that it helps more student athletes like John and Nicole to realize their dreams of becoming teachers.

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